National Anti-Slavery Standard.

S. H. GAY, OLIVER JOHNSON, } ..... Editors.

Without Concealment—Without Compromise.

EDMUND QUINCY, Corresponding Editor.

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Pro-Slavery.

From the Detroit Daily Advertiser, Oct. 17.

RANTING FANATICISM—MRS. AND MR. ABBY KELLY FOSTER.

Sir, for a *quart d'ecu* he will sell the fee simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it; and cut the entail from all the remainder.

* * * *

Did you ever hear such railing?

* * * *

Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one that is neither known of thee nor knows thee.

* * *

There is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing *but* rail: and no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

* * * *

As with age his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers.

* * *

The secret mischief that I set abroach,
I lay unto the charge of others.

* * * *

I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.

* * * *

O fie, fie, fie!
Thy sin 's not accidental, but a trade.

* * *

Well, heaven forgive him, and forgive us all!
Some rise by sin, and some by virture fall.—SHAKSPEARE.

On Wednesday evening last we had the curiosity to drop into the City Hall to hear the inflammatory, but harmless, railings of the notorious Abby Kelly Foster and her husband, where they had been "going it" for about a week, without attracting the desired attention, or creating any excitement whatever. We found the hall about two-thirds filled with an audience which, from a view by gas-light, "Josh" would pronounce "rather mixed," both in colour and quality.

Mr. Kelly and wife are seekers after notoriety—no matter how obtained—and their slang-whang has become with them a livelihood—a trade—at least this is the impression we got from seeing part of one performance.

We know nothing literally about the meaning of "hen-pecked husband," as we never have exposed ourselves to learn from experience, but Mrs. Abby is evidently the senior partner in this firm, and she goes it with a will for trowsers and "women's rights," right up to the hub.

When we entered the hall, Mr. Abby was holding forth in a tirade of abuse, showered out upon the head of Mr. Fox, editor of the *True Democrat*, because he wouldn't huzza for Mrs. and Mr. Abby Kelly Foster. His paper claiming to be Free-soilish, they took it for granted that he must dance to their fiddling or be exterminated. In the mean time, his bile was pouring out upon the Methodist church in particular, and all Christian sects and denominations in general, in a monstrous and disgusting tirade of slanderous charges, insinuations, and infidel denunciations upon all phases of Christianity.

To show that Mrs. Abby practices as well as preaches women's rights, we must report facts in the scenes of the evening. Mr. Abby could hardly proceed five minutes at a time with his discourse without receiving suggestions from the senior partner, who sat close behind him officiating as prompter. He appeared to be well trained in his duty on such occasions, for he would immediately digress from the main subject, and announce that "Mrs. Foster suggests" so and so, and then go on and amplify on her suggestions.

She, however, did not appear satisfied with him—he did not seem to treat the subject to her liking; all her brilliant ideas and "suggestions" were not sufficiently elucidated, and when he left them, struck the track and "took his gait" again, she appeared in *propria persona*, saying she wished to say "right here" so and so, and what she did say showed conclusively that she thought him exceedingly obtuse in not having all her ideas in his head, which she thought ought to come in about in that connection. Her appearance, doubtless, had a two-fold object: first, to rebuke him for not thinking of everything she did, and next to illustrate women's rights in a practical manner before the audience. The illustrations were perfect, both in the bold assertion of her rights and the meek submission of the sterner sex.

As she rose to assert her right to interrupt him and occupy the stage, a glance from the eye, a stern, commanding countenance, indicating an approaching frown, with a gentle wave of the hand, had the desired effect. Mr. Abby evidently was well trained in these pantomimics, and quietly surrendered the stage, perching himself gracefully on one corner of the desk that occupied the platform, until she had run through with her "suggestions," and permitted him to proceed again.

In the mean time, however, he went down among the audience and invited Hon. John Ladue to reply to what had been said, which he consented to do. In fact, they had both given out the challenge several times during the evening, for any man to come forward in reply. Mr. Abby went back, whispered in Mrs. Abby's ear, and, after she had retired, he again went on to finish his speech.

It will be well here to say that Mr. Abby said this city much resembled the city of Wooster, Mass., in having a large number of mechanics, and that in Wooster almost every one of them were his followers, and subscribed to his dogmas and isms. All this he had accomplished in a residence there of six years. He then undertook the hopeless task, by flattery, to humbug the mechanics of this city into doing what he said the mechanics of Wooster had done—endorse his rank infidelity and demagogueism. He found, however, that he was on a heavy track with the wrong gait, and soon bolted. As he closed, he remarked that he left the platform to give a gentleman a chance to reply who had consented to do so.

But here Mrs. Abby would give another demonstration of women's rights, and said before the gentleman appeared she had a word to say. She then exhibited several of their stripe of papers, for which she claimed to be agent, and wanted somebody to come up and subscribe—terms, one-half down, and the balance quicker than lightning. She also, before any counter-arguments were made, wished a collection taken up to "aid the Anti-Slavery cause," and hoped some of the faithful would pass the hat. As it was not stated who was to have the handling and disbursement of the funds, or who would be responsible that they would be appropriated for the purposes designated, the harvest was exceedingly lean. Most of the friends of the fugitive thought, if they had anything to give, they would probably make a safer investment by giving it to Mr. Bibb, to re-establish his *Voice of the Fugitive*, which was destroyed by fire a short time since.

All things being ready, she said she would then give way for a reply, but she would first submit to the audience and to the gentleman who was going to reply, whether it was fair, or honourable, or decent, or gentlemanly, or manly, for him to come forward to reply at that late hour. (Remember Mr. Abby had just invited him to do so, after which he whispered something into Mrs. Abby's ear.)

But this onslaught and bragadocio did not have the desired effect. Mr. Ladue came forward and said he wished those discourteous remarks had fell from the lips of a gentleman, if it could be possible under the circumstances for any gentleman to make so gross an attack. He said Mr. Abby had just invited him to speak, and this was the way he was introduced.

Seeing that Mr. Ladue was "up to snuff," and not to be thus invited by one of the firm, to be grossly abused and insulted by the other, in a manner that looked like a preconceried plot, Mr. Abby was forced to come forward and said again that he invited Mr. Mr. L. to speak, but undertook to dodge the attack by pretending that Mrs. Abby was not aware that he had invited Mr. L. (though they had both challenged any one to come forward half a dozen times during the evening), and therefore he said he would take back all that Mrs. Abby had said!

Mrs. Abby, however, more disposed to brave it out, would not submit to being thus taken back by the junior partner, and she appeared, to define her own position. She said she was not aware of the invitation or she might not have indulged in the remarks she did. Still she did not think it fair to attempt a reply at that late hour; she would rather he had done it in the evening before. So Mr. Abby's take back didn't stick.

Mr. Ladue had not proceeded three minutes before Mrs. Abby popped up to interrupt him with a suggestion, but the gallant Ex-Mayor, not subscribing to the doctrine of women's rights in this instance, politely intimated to her that she was dealing with a different customer now, and that he had the floor. She took the hint, and remained quiet until he closed.

We never heard the Ex-Mayor acquit himself with more credit. The main doctrine of the fanatical Abby's was the "dissolution of the Union," which they boldly declared for, though coming from them excited no feeling but pity and contempt.

Mr. L. referred to *Wooster* as a model city held up here for our example and emulation. He then related a circumstance of a traveller once stopping in Wooster county to stay over night. At the hotel he found a crowd of twenty or thirty men engaged in revelry and drunkenness, and heard them say, during their conversation, that not less than seven Ministers of the Gospel had been deposed in that county for high crimes. The stranger doubted it, and offered to bet they could not prove it. This enraged them, and they were about to pounce upon his person, when the landlord called him out and sent him to his room, saying there had been an *infidel* convention in town, and these were all infidels; that he would not undertake to protect him against personal violence if he remained in the room with them, &c. &c. While we saw "wincing" under this statement, Mr. Ladue asked if Detroit would ever pattern after Wooster as it had been recommended.

Mr. L. said the conversation in that infidel crowd was very much in tone of the sentiments uttered here to-night—a general denunciation of Christianity, Churches and religionists, and no wonder that the "dissolution of the Union" was in the odious catalogue. Mr. L. made some excellent remarks in defence of the Union, laid down arguments that fanatics could not wipe out or impair the force of, and he was loudly cheered by nearly the whole audience.

When Mr. L. closed, Mrs. Abby came forward and again asked if it was manly to come in at that late hour to reply to them, the last night of their stay. She evidently felt chagrined and nonplussed by the applause given at Ladue's defence of the Union, and hence she announced that she did not wish to speak to a lot of "rowdies."

Mr. L. said these were the quiet, peaceable citizens of Detroit, and he was not aware before that they were "*rowdies;*" he saw among them his fellow-citizens, and did not believe the slander that they were "*rowdies.*"

This rather set Abby back; she discovered at once that *that* kind of notoriety would not help, and she lowered her plume a good deal by saying she wanted a quiet house. She then went off into a personal harangue upon General Cass and others.

The whole tone and tenour of their speeches was of a disgusting character to every sensible citizen. The odious doctrine of the dissolution of the Union, if promulgated by anybody of known patriotism and Christian instincts, would sooner create excitement, and lead to a violation of the laws, than most anything else; but, coming from such a source, with the evident motive which prompts it, these ranting fanatics are really doing no particular harm in their ignominious mission.

People like novelties and excitement and it is not strange that they get audiences to listen to their inflammatory infidel speeches, but we do wonder that people will render aid and comfort to keep up such things. Their pretended hatred of Slavery we believe is all *demagogueism*—love of notoriety is the main spring of action. But it looks disgusting to a Christian people to see Scripture quoted in support of any false dogma from the same mouth that belches forth the rankest infidelity. But this is one of the means of gaining notoriety.

And thus I clothe my naked villainy,
With old odd ends, stol'n forth of holy writ;
And seem a saint when most I play the devil.

We think no candid person could witness the bragadocio style of ranting fanaticism and reckless denunciation of everything good by these people and come to any other conclusion than we did, that they care as little for the slave, or the oppressed, as anybody possibly can; that

The Devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain, with a smiling cheek;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.

The antics of these persons would suggest ridicule, but we choose rather to give a "plain unvarnished" account of one evening's doings and leave others to judge how much more ridiculous they might be made to appear. We understand they are going through the interior of the State promulgating their infidelity, and of course we expect to get our reward in a generous quantity of falsehood and abuse, for attempting to show them up in true colours. This article will furnish them a text for a year, and as Shakspeare said.

He will lie, Sir, with such volubility
That you would think Truth were a fool.

W.

Selections.

[The following Address, written by Hon. Gerrit Smith, was adopted by the recent State Convention of the Liberty Party.]

To the Liberty Party.

WE are well aware that we do not command respect for you by calling you a party. On the contrary, to dignify with that name the little handful to which you are reduced, is rather to give an occasion for merriment. Nevertheless, if the value of a party is to be estimated less by its numbers, and more by its principles, then are you entitled not only to the name of a party, but to great consideration as a party.

You are the only party that openly and distinctly aims to commit itself to all the duties of Civil Government. We do not claim for you all these duties. But we do claim for you that, as fast as they are made known to you, they are honestly, uncompromisingly, and uncalculatingly, adopted by you

We will, very briefly, illustrate your position and principles.

1. You believe that the Government is bound to promote the personal liberty of all its guiltless subjects; and you believe, too, that it is bound to feel no hindrance in this direction from any words of wickedness and folly which may have found their way into Constitutions or Statutes. You believe that Constitutions and Statutes, so far as they are intended to carry out Government, are obligatory; and that so far as they are intended to defeat its office and end are void. Hence, whatever Constitutions and Statutes may stand in the way of Government, you still require it, in the name of the paramount law of its being, to be true to itself, and, therefore, true to all who are entitled to its protection. You insist that no concessions which Government may make, and that no restrictions of its powers and no limitations of its office which it may acknowledge, can avail to cancel its obligations to afford such protection. And hence, you insist that, if Government, be it the Government of this State or this Nation, or of any other State or Nation, has come into an agreement to deprive any portion of its subjects of the protection due to them from Government, such agreement is void. By all just rules of interpretation, the Federal Constitution is an Anti-Slavery paper. But were it the reverse, the obligation on our various Governments to protect their subjects from Slavery would, nevertheless, remain unimpaired. Constitutions can serve Government, but Constitutions cannot override Government. Constitutions are but means in the hands of Government: and, hence, the legitimate use of Constitutions is to maintain, and not to nullify, Government. We add, in this connection, though it is, perhaps, superfluous to do so, that you believe that law is for the protection, and not for the destruction, of rights that law is made for man, and not man for law; and, hence, that an enactment which, like the Fugitive Slave act, goes to annihilate human rights is no law.

2. You believe that woman has equal rights with man to participate in the choice of the civil ruler; and that Government is, therefore, bound to protect her in the exercise of that right.

3. You claim that Government shall suppress dramshops, because they are only manufactories of paupers and madmen; and because the province of Government is to protect life and property.

4. Inasmuch as you believe that the soil, like the light and the air, belongs equally to all human beings, you hold that Government is bound to protect its subjects from the great curse of land-monopoly.

5. You forbid all Tariffs, however plausible the arguments in their behalf, because you hold that it is the absolute right of all persons to buy and sell freely, when and where they please.

6. You believe that no Government, which is wise and just, will ever find an occasion for involving subjects in war.

7. You believe that Government goes out of its province when it builds Railroads and Canals, and when it concerns itself with Churches and Schools.

8. In a word, you believe that Civil Government has no other office than to protect life and property; and that the spirit in which this office should ever be fulfilled is determined by the fact that Civil Government is one of the departments of the Divine Government, and, no less than any other of them, is to be characterized by truth and justice and holiness.

In selecting your candidates for office, you do not expect that all of them, or, indeed, that any one of them, will agree with you in all of your views of the province and duties of Civil Government. But you do insist that all of them shall give practical proof that they honestly aim to have Government fulfil all its obligations, to all classes of citizens. For instance, though it would be with great reluctance that you would vote for a person who widely disagrees with you in regard to Tariffs, nevertheless you might consent to vote for him if you believe him to be an honest man, and to entertain, in the main, just apprehensions of Civil Government. But no agreement, in other respects, between the candidate and yourselves could induce you to vote for him if you found him so very wrong-headed and wrong-hearted as to deny the unconditional obligation of Government to suppress Slavery and the dramshops.

It is not strange that even good people are so slow to enter upon the work of reforming Civil Government. They have been educated to regard Civil Government as one thing, and Christianity as another; and hence is it that they tolerate in the former what they know to be utterly repugnant to the latter. This will continue to be an unhappy world, however, so long as Civil Government is suffered to escape from the obligation of Christian principles, and so long as the standard of morals is suffered to be lower in politics than *out of* politics.

We still look with hope to the Free Democratic Party; though we have to confess that this hope is mingled with growing fear. The mass of its members are prepared to assent to our principles. They believe with us, that Civil Government should, at all times, be just in all directions. Hence, they believe with us, that no political party should be a one-idea-party, or a two-ideas-party, or no more than a twenty-idea-party; but that every political party should be willing to espouse every political truth, and unwilling to promote any of them at the expense of any other of them. Like ourselves, they would not elect a man to office, promise he ever so fairly to labour for the overthrow of Slavery, had they reason to believe that he would wield his official powers to sustain dram-selling and land-monopoly. Such a man is unjust: and "he that ruleth ever men must be just." His injustice in one direction, if justice it can be called, cannot cancel—can in no degree alleviate—his injustice in another. They who are suffering from land-monopoly and from rum would have no less ground to complain of him than if he were unjust to the slave also. But if he would be unjust for this partial use of his office, so, also, would they be unjust who, notwithstanding their foresight of this partial use, were, nevertheless, guilty of conferring the office on him. Moreover, if the people foresee that a candidate for office will be unjust in one direction, they are not at liberty to presume that he will, in any proper sense of the word, be just in another direction. The man who, when he chooses the right side of a question, chooses it from accident or expediency only, is not to be relied on to persevere in his choice: for the course of accident or expediency is as uncertain on the one hand as the course of principle is certain on the other.

Surely, surely our reformers have had abundant experience that the mere Anti-Slavery candidate, that the mere land-reform candidate, that the mere temperance candidate, that any other merely one-idea candidate is not to be trusted, even for that which he professes: much less is he to be trusted for the whole circle of political duties. A *whole* man is the only man who is fit to be trusted to perform all, or even any, of the duties of a man.

Entertaining the favourable views that we do of the mass of the Free Democratic Party, we are, of course, very reluctant to array ourselves against that Party. We were reluctant to do so at the election a year ago, and it was only in a very qualified sense that we did so. We are still hopeful of that Party. It may yet rise up into the fearless assertion of all the duties, and into the clear and certain occupation of all the ground, of Civil Government. We know, indeed, that it will not be easy for it to do so; for to do so it must outgrow, and very rapidly too, the restraining influences and calculating timid policy of most of its editors and other leaders. It is true that those influences and that policy aim to serve the high and holy cause of freedom. Nevertheless, they are of fatal tendency, even to that cause. If the party yields to them, it inevitably sinks down into a one-idea Anti-Slavery Party; and even its one-idea will be shrivelled and worthless, because lacking the sympathy and nutriment of those other ideas, from which it is unnaturally and violently dissociated. Even now, the Free Democratic Party bears but feeble testimony against Slavery. Everybody knows that Slavery is the guiltiest of all piracies, and the highest of all crimes. And yet, the Free Democratic Party has not risen above the low ground that Slavery can be legalized! Alas, how vain to assail Slavery from this low ground! Men may oppose Slavery as they will. Nevertheless, so long as they concede to it the shelter and respectability and power of law, their concession must outweigh their opposition. American Slavery can never be effectually proscribed by the public sentiment until that sentiment has made it an outlaw.

We cannot deny that the character of the Free Democracy is less promising now than it was a year ago. Nevertheless, we will wait still another year for improvements in that character. We will make no nominations for the coming election. On the contrary, we will advise the members of the Liberty Party to adopt such of the candidates of the Free Democratic Party as are in principle members of the Liberty Party.

Whether, at the close of another year, it will be wise on us to prolong our great patience with the Free Democratic Party can be told then better than now. It certainly will be unwise unless that Party shall then be found occupying a position greatly in advance of its present position. If it shall not be found doing so, it will then be the unavoidable duty of the Liberty Party to abandon all hope in that quarter; to revive and invigorate its own organization; to make its own nominations, and to rally to their support the friends of righteous Civil Government.

MEANNESS OF DESPOTISM.—Despotism is essentially and always mean. If, in the consciousness of power, it would put on a bold face and force through its unjust demands, one might have some such respect for it as is felt even for courageous villainy. But despotism always prefers to work by stealth, rather than to stalk forth in the light of day. It seizes a legislative body by night, without warning, thrusts its members into prison or sends them into exile, and shoots down clerks and seamstresses upon the public streets; it springs a trap upon its unwary victims, and tries to circumvent those whom it dares not face. It can never justify itself before the world. Has not despotism a conscience that gives it troublous dreams?

The termination of the Koszta case illustrates these remarks. Austria seized upon this unoffending man by trickery and brute violence. Baffled in her design by the honest courage of an American commander, and afraid to face her own deed, she now attempts to sneak out of the affair by the statement that Koszta was seized only with a view to getting some clue to the lost regalia of Hungary, and that since these are found the government consents to his release. A cut-throat way of getting jewels truly.

Now we do not remember an instance of the arrest or the attempted arrest of a fugitive slave that was not conducted upon some false representation. Either the victim was seized by stealth or he was accused of crime, or he was summoned as a witness, or he was decoyed by some base artifices into the man-trap. This law, which was passed to save the Union, and obedience to which has been set forth as the sum of all righteousness, this embodiment of the Patriotism and the Religion of these United States, cannot be brought into open day. It is the offspring of despotism, and therefore it begets in all concerned in its execution the meanness of despotism. One of the worst features of the law is its debasing effect upon its agents. And the worst evils are to be feared for a nation when, by pandering to despotism, it degrades law and the officers of law in the estimation of the people.—*Independent.*

AN ANXIOUS ENQUIRER.

To the Editor of the [London] Anti-Slavery Advocate.

DEAR SIR: English Abolitionists are sometimes placed in such difficult positions that a thorough knowledge of Anti-Slavery principles, added to a clear intellect and a sound judgment, alone can save them from errors and inconsistencies which it is very desirable they should avoid. Hence, when they are asked to contribute towards the purchase of a slave about whose history there is a dramatic interest, their sympathies lead them to set aside that judgment which teaches them that by complying with such a request, they would be absolutely doing *nothing* towards the overthrow of American Slavery; but on the contrary would be diverting Anti-Slavery instrumentalities from the great object at issue, and would therefore, for the sake of one slave, be doing a positive injustice to the millions of his fellow bondmen. Again, when Abolitionists come in contact with clergymen from the United States who preach within the pale of a pro-slavery church, and do not actively co-operate with the Anti-Slavery party, while they are loud in their Anti-Slavery professions *here* (as most American ministers are), some of our friends are disposed to talk of the difficulties surrounding these men, the strength of their ecclesiastical ties, and soforth, forgetful all the while that it is the half-heartedness of such persons as these that continue to make the American churches "the bulwark of Slavery." In view, therefore, of these and other facts, I rejoiced at the publication of the slave's most excellent *Advocate*, thinking that it would be exceedingly useful as an *educator* of Abolitionists themselves; nor have I been disappointed in these anticipations. Being somewhat in difficulty myself at this moment, with regard to a matter affecting the Anti-Slavery cause, I write to you for advice. If you think that others are likely to be similarly situated, I shall be glad if you would reply through the columns of the *Advocate;* if not, I should be greatly obliged by a private letter.

I have paid some attention to the history of the Abolition movements in America. In tracing the rise and progress of the American Anti-Slavery Society, amid the storm of pro-slavery passion and hatred with which it has had to contend, as well as in watching for myself its heroic course in the United States in 1850 and 1851, I have learned to regard it as the great embodiment of *the true* Anti-Slavery spirit of that country; and on its behalf have been aroused the warmest sympathies of my heart and the best devotion of my life. The best proof of its faithfulness to the oppressed is to be found in the maledictions of its foes; for true reformers are always hated; and the more virulent the antagonism, the fouler the abuse, and the more unscrupulous the misrepresentations with which they are assailed, the greater is the tribute to their power.

But there is another Anti-Slavery Society, the American and Foreign. Suspicious in its origin, feeble in its utterances, objectionable in some of its modes of action, it has hitherto attracted but little attention in America, and done but a scanty work. I have never admired this Society. It has not fought a very good fight; it has not been brave in its course; it has not been outspoken in its delivery; nor has it taken the bold stand which a great moral movement ought to take (a stand *above* the difference of sects), and invited all the world, "infidels" and all, to work together for the overthrow of one of the greatest curses that ever bowed down with grief the suffering heart of humanity.

But this Society has now devised an important plan of operations, a sketch of which is published in the *Anti-Slavery Reporter* for August; and has sent a deputation to this country in the person of the Rev. Frederick Hemming, to raise money towards a fund of 40,000 dollars, with which his plan is to be carried out. I have read the "outline" very carefully, and the objects contemplated seem to me to be generally excellent and praiseworthy. There are only one or two things to which I have any objection. One is, that the agents are to be men of "acknowledged piety." I should like to know what test is to be applied to determine their "piety;" because the various sects here may have different standards; and I should like to know which sect is to rule in this matter. Secondly, I object to the political action contemplated, entertaining, as I do, Garrison's view of the pro-slavery character of the constitution, and of the impropriety of Abolitionists voting under it. But with these exceptions, I think that the contemplated operations, if prosecuted boldly, faithfully, and energetically, may result in great good to the cause. With this belief I have rendered some little aid to some friends of Mr. Hemming and his mission to Manchester, who, with the view of aiding the Anti-Slavery cause in general, and just now his enterprise especially, have formed themselves into a Society called *the Manchester Anti-Slavery Union*, the basis of which is broad and liberal, as the following resolution, adopted at the first meeting, fully proves:

"*Resolved, That, as we believe that the true basis of Anti-Slavery action should be unsectarian in its character, this committee respectfully invites persons of all sects and parties, who believe in the iniquity of Slavery, to co-operate with it in the work of emancipation.*"

I need scarcely say that had not this resolution been adopted, I should have had nothing at all to do with the movement.

I, and others entertaining my opinions, are anxious not to swerve one iota from our fealty to the American Anti-Slavery Society. We are desirous of preserving a thoroughly consistent Anti-Slavery cause. Tell us, therefore, whether you think there is anything objectionable in the movement: for upon your judgment we greatly depend.

Yours faithfully, FRED. W. CHESSON.

Manchester, Sept. 12th, 1853.

REMARKS IN REPLY.

When a man of ordinary sagacity attempts a great enterprise, he first selects the best means within his reach, and then adheres to them till he has attained his object. Mr. Chesson informs us that, in watching the course of the American Anti-Slavery Society, he has "learned to regard it as the great embodiment of the true Anti-Slavery spirit of that country; and on its behalf have been aroused the warmest sympathies of his heart and the best devotion of his life." On the other hand, in reference to another Anti-Slavery organization, on whose behalf an appeal is about to be made to the people of this country, he characterizes it as "suspicious in its origin, feeble in its utterances, and objectionable in some of its modes of action," and declares that "it has hitherto attracted but little attention in America, and has done but a scanty work."

Surely, while these are the deliberate opinions of our correspondent, it would be an act of very doubtful discretion to further the plans of the Society he suspects and despises, so long as that in which he trusts is able and willing to promote the Anti-Slavery cause in a way that commends itself to his conscience. Having taken up the slave's cause, he is bound to act for the slave as he would do for himself. He is bound to select the best means within his reach, and to use no other as long as these are available.

Some declare we ought to be impartial in the distribution of our assistance to the various Anti-Slavery parties in America, no matter how different their principles of action, nor how disproportioned their claims upon our respect and confidence. But those who preach this doctrine never practise it, when they have earnest convictions themselves. In their own conduct, they take sides as decidedly as all people do who have settled views on any subject, and who *act* on them: for there is a large class who have the most admirable opinions in the world, but make no use of them whatever. What should we think of anybody who, from a disposition to be conciliatory, should attend the Romish mass and the Friends' meeting every alternate Sunday; or who should vote, turn about, for Whigs and Tories at each ensuing election?

Let us not be readily induced to give our assistance to the schemes, however plausible, of any Anti-Slavery Society such as Mr. Chesson describes the American and Foreign to be, so long as our confidence remains unshaken in the catholic, wise, and devoted course of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

In the announcement that the agents for the collection of the 40,000 dollars must be men of "acknowledged piety," we discern a stroke of great worldly wisdom. No men succeed better in this country in the collection of funds than those who are entitled to wear broad phylacteries. Yet in the United States a large proportion of the men of "acknowledged piety" are among the bitterest enemies of the Anti-Slavery enterprise. In a majority of cases, they belong to the churches—and the churches have objects in view which are sadly thwarted by the thorough-going Abolitionists, who insist upon *deeds, not words*, and sternly run their ploughshare through all pretences, whether religious or patriotic, that obstruct those principles of justice, humanity, and common sense, on which their enterprise is founded.

The peculiar line of labour which the Rev. Mr. Hemming has undertaken is the very one we have repeatedly made a point of urging upon the members of the British churches, viz.: to make them withdraw fellowship from pro-slavery associations, and to act upon their fraternities in America through their ecclesiastical machinery. But this gentleman is a very new labourer in the Anti-Slavery field; and in our opinion is not likely to attain this object more effectually than through the means adopted by the American Anti-Slavery Society. He will, we apprehend, attempt to form an essentially exclusive organization, with a designation which, however general, is understood to imply peculiar theological opinions; and will then appeal to its members through their sectarian prepossessions. All past experience proves the inefficiency of such efforts; for the influence, respectability and compactness of the sect are ever the objects nearest to the hearts of its leaders, and their objects always over-rule those of the sectarian philanthropist. The American Anti-Slavery Society, standing outside of all religious associations as such, and independent of them, is indefatigable in its efforts, as the slave's counsellor and next friend, to impel them all to a consistent observance of their own declared principles of humanity, justice and Christian principle. However, so long as Mr. Hemming keeps to the line of action indicated in his prospectus, avoids collision with older and more thorough-going Anti-Slavery instrumentalities, and above all, eschews the opportunities which his access to private society will give him of damaging their influence, he shall have our best wishes for his success, and we shall esteem him as a true and consistent friend of the slave. We never *can* look upon any in this light whose time is less occupied in doing Anti-Slavery work than in subjecting their fellow-labourers to an insolent and intolerant ordeal as to their opinions on other subjects which have no proper connection with the Anti-Slavery enterprise. It is insufferable that the spirit of the Inquisition should be allowed to domineer in the conduct of a cause, upon which not merely the happiness of many millions of the most suffering portion of our fellow-creatures depends, but which is indissoluby connected with the welfare of the United States, and, through them, with the progress of true civilization and constitutional liberty throughout the world.—*London Anti-Slavery Advocate.*

THE FREE DEMOCRACY OF NEW YORK.

[The following Address and Resolutions were adopted at the meeting of the Free Democratic citizens of New York City, recently held in the Tabernacle.]

THE Committee charged by the Free Democracy of this city with the duty of preparing an address to you, declaratory of the aims and objects of the party with which they are associated, submit the following brief statement to their fellow-citizens of all parties.

The Free Democracy of New York is a separate and distinct party, in affiliation with similar parties in other States, under the national organization, which held its convention in Pittsburg in 1852, nominated John P. Hale and George W. Julian for President and Vice President, and gave their electoral ticket one hundred and fifty-six thousand votes. It is strictly and truly a Democratic Party, and only assumes the prefix of free to distinguish it from that anomalous kind of so-called Democracy which recognises the pursuit of fugitives from Slavery as the cardinal duty of a Democrat.

It is the constant habit of those who oppose us, and who dread the effect upon the popular mind of a fair and honest statement of our position, to represent us as disorganizers, disloyal to the constitution of the country, and intent only on the overthrow of the institution of Slavery by attempting national legislation for its abolition in the States. We choose to begin by meeting this calumnious falsehood with a bold and unqualified denial. In the name of the Free Democracy of the Union, we avow our firm belief that the Constitution as it is, is our proper rule of political action, that it does not contemplate or permit any interference whatever by Congress with the institution of Slavery in the States, and that we do not regard such interference as directly or indirectly an object of our efforts as members of this party. On the other hand, we do not hesitate to declare that we do not accept every interpretation put upon the Constitution, whether by slaveholders or by advocates of slaveholding pretensions, or even by tribunals composed of men in the interest of Slavery, as conclusive or binding upon us or our opinions. In relation to the Fugitive Slave Law in particular, we repudiate the decisions which declare that atrocious enactment to be in accordance with the Constitution, and take our position with the celebrated expounder of the Constitution, Daniel Webster; with the life long defender of Slavery, John C. Calhoun; with R. Barnwell Rhett, late Senator in Congress from the Ultra-Slavery State of South Carolina; with the learned and able Chief Justice of New Jersey, and with many other of the ablest and the noblest statesmen and jurists of the nation, upon the doctrine that Congress has no right to legislate at all on the subject of the rendition of fugitives from Slavery, but that that subject falls entirely within the scope of State Jurisdiction; which we believe it is the duty of every true Democrat to extend and enlarge, instead of circumscribing in favour of federal encroachment. And in addition to this fundamental and sweeping objection to the Fugitive Slave Act of 1850, we denounce it as gratuitously inhuman, unconstitutional and unchristian in its specific provisions.

1. In that it virtually declares the personal liberty of a citizen of less value than his property rights, by withholding from the former the protection of a jury trial, with which the latter are scrupulously guarded by our laws.

2. In that it places the adjudiction of the most momentous question that can concern any man in the breast of a single person deriving his position from no officer or body recognised by our system as the proper source of judicial power, but appointed without reference to character, position, legal abilities or experience, for the performance of mere ministerial and unimportant functions.

3. In that it offers a bribe to such insignificant and irresponsible persons to decide against freedom, mercy, and justice, and in favour of tyranny, cruelty and cupidity.

4. In that it makes no provision whatever for the compulsory observance of those rules for the procurement of witnesses, or the introduction of evidence, which in all other legal trials are deemed indispensable to the ends of justice, but leaves evidence, law and the Constitution alike to the unrestricted discretion of its irresponsible autocrat.

5. In that it compels the entire nation to assume not only the disgrace, but the expense, of pursuing and restoring private property to private hands; a practice which, if even claimed in favour of any but the most odious and execrable property rights, would be scouted by the whole nation, with scarce a dissenting voice.

6. In that it thrusts the institution of Slavery beyond the State limits where it belongs, upon those who abhor its iniquity, and declare it illegal, by commanding freemen, under grievous penalties, to become the partners and jailers of men and women, guiltless of even the charge of crime beyond a desire for freedom and a willingness to risk life, as our fathers did, to secure it.

7. In that it renders the hasty and interested decision of a petty clerk conclusive against a man on trial for his manhood, by denying an appeal even to the lowest class of organized courts, while in all minor questions concerning property the right of appeal is only exhausted by a mature decision of the highest tribunal known to the laws.

In relation to this whole question of the rendition of fugitives from Slavery, we hold that all Congressional legislation in relation thereto should be repealed, and the right to the services of a fugitive from Slavery should be placed, by State laws, on precisely the same footing with every other right, having the same courts open to its prosecution that are maintained for the enforcement of property and personal rights among freemen, and compelled to submit to the same rules and formalities which experience has shown to be necessary for the due examination and just decision of disputed rights among men. And we deny emphatically that there is anything in the Constitution, or in the sacredness of slave property, which calls for any distinction in the mode of substantiating that class of claims from that which prevails in regard to others; and least of all are we prepared to admit that the distinction, if made at all, be in favour of Slavery and against liberty. In Russia it would be natural to look for such a bias in the law-making power, which is the will of a single despot; but in free America the doctrine is a libel on our institutions, and the advocacy of it a burning shame to republican freemen.

To the opinions here expressed we unreservedly declare ourselves and our party fully committed, and we are prepared to assume the full responsibility of defending them wherever and whenever attacked. For the rest we are democrats. We accept the term in its entire significance, and avow our willingness to stand by all the logical sequences of our position. No national boundaries circumscribe our democracy, any more than State lines can do it. For the serf in Russia; for the struggling patriot on the battle-fields of Hungary and Italy; for the deluded peasantry of France, and the wronged and exiled children of long-suffering Ireland; for Koszta, seized by Austrian ruffians in the bay of Smyrna, and for Henry Long, seized by Americans in the streets of New York, we have the same words of sympathy, the same assurance of faithful brotherhood. We hold it to be the duty of this republic to let its light shine among the nations of the earth, giving them the earnest assurance that in every struggle for popular liberty our sympathies are always with the oppressed, in whatever quarter of the globe they may urge their holy warfare against despotism.

In the particular application of the idea of democracy to the measures of government, it would puzzle the most ultra democrat to discover a ground for standing aloof from us. Jealous for State rights, opposed to federal encroachments, to restrictions upon trade, to governmental interference with the fields of private enterprise, and to a latitudinarian interpretation of the constitution, we favour the most economical administration of the government; the freedom of public lands to the landless poor; the election of all officers, national as well as State, by popular vote, as far as is practicable, and especially to include postmasters; a reform in the anti-republican organization of the army and navy; the universal diffusion of education, and a jealous watchfulness of the freedom of thought, speech, and action; we only stand firmly on whatsoever measures we deem most radically democratic, but are ready to accept every new issue which approves itself as a legitimate offspring of our great central idea.

It will thus be seen that neither on grounds connected with a want of reverence for the constitution, or for lack of hearty adherence to the measures of democracy, can any sincere democrat stand apart from us. The sole point that divides us from the masses—we should rather say the leaders—of the democratic party, is the difference of our estimate of the obligation of catching fugitives from Slavery and justifying the act of 1850, and on this difference we are willing to take our case, not only to the people of this country, but to the world and the coming ages.

We submit the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the Free Democracy, in unfurling again their banner to the breeze, have no new inscriptions to trace upon its folds, no new professions to make, no apologies to offer, but, standing, as aforetime, on the constitution and the right, they fearlessly challenge scrutiny, and invite comparison between their doctrines and those of their opponents, of whatsoever name; and, in relying on the intelligence and justice of the people, they bide their time, in the certainty of ultimate victory.

Resolved, That the State ticket nominated at Syracuse, on the 31st day of August last, by the Free Democracy, meets our cordial approbation, and shall have our undivided support; and that we shall sustain it and the principles it was nominated to embody, "against all combinations, and against all compromises."

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF VAN BUREN FREE SOILISM.

IT is a real consolation that we happened to step out of the Political ring a little before the Barnburners made their final plunge at Syracuse. After that *pronunciamento* of John Van Buren, Grover, Cochrane, Nye, Rathbun & Co. against Slavery Agitation and in favour of the Buffalo Platform and the Fugitive Slave Law, it is clear that whoever allows himself to be accounted a politician must be willing to be strongly suspected a time-serving rascal. Surely, we cannot be uncharitable in agreeing with all impartial observers in the opinion that these men don't believe one word of all they resolved concerning Slavery, and could not have looked in a glass while they were concocting and adopting their platform without being conscious that those were very hollow, hypocritical, heartless trimmers whose shadowy visages confronted them. We should like to have seen them trying the experiment.

D. S. Dickinson is not a great man, and has rarely made a decidedly good speech; but that Buffalo harangue on the Barnburners' new-born zeal for the Baltimore Platform is hailed everywhere as a decided hit, and has immensly delighted thousands of diverse parties, simply because it tells so much that everybody feels to be truth. There was one of Dan's jokes that we failed to print at the time, but which hit the mark so nicely that we must, even yet, preserve it. It was an illustration of the Barnburners' facile professions of Hunkerism at Syracuse,

Prince John! was n't that a good one?

—Gen. Dix's recent letters to the South, showing what a consistent devottee of "Southern Rights" *he* has been, are the theme of very general comment, and its tenour is by no means complimentary to our Sub-Treasurer. The *Providence Journal* dryly remarks that the General will never persuade the public that he was an honest Hunker, and had better have left them in the belief that he was an honest Free Soiler. Even the *Evening Post* (the honest Editor, we presume—not the politician) observes with stinging emphasis in substance that

"Gen. Dix has written two letters to the South defining his position on the Slavery question; but *it seems to need explanation now more than it did before he began to write about it.*"

—The best feature of all this monstrous drama of organized and disciplined imposture is that *it doesn't take*. The earnest Hunkers do not hate the Burners any the less for these new professions, but have learned in addition to despise them. They once thought them dangerous fanatics; they now believe that they were never aught but factious hypocrites. And while only hear and there a Hunker is roped in by the Syracuse professions, a good many honest Burners have been thoroughly disgusted and repelled by them. There are not less than half a dozen Free Soil journals in our State, that formerly supported the coalition Democratic ticket on their account, and three or four of which went for Pierce under their lead, but now draw off and refuse to follow them longer or endorse their ticket. The case runs parallel with that trite but ever instructive and purgent narrative recorded in *Tristram Shandy* to which, for the delectation and up-cheering of our glum and acrid friend Prince John (once the soul of humour and jollity), we will recall his attention. It is the story of the Abbess of Andouillets and the fair novice, who, in a case of dire extremity, like that of the Barnburners at Syracuse, undertook to impel their mules to locomotion by the utterance of bad words, and, not being so conscience-seared as our apostate Free Soilers, supposed they could chastise the Ancient Nicholas around the root of a defunct tree by *dividing* the words and each speaking a syllable in turn. It didn't answer the purpose—in fact, proved a regular break-down.

"They do not understand us," said Margarita.

"But the devil does," responded the Abbess of Andouillets.

The Barnburner experiment is bolder, but not a whit more successful. Those who were to be taken in by it, utterly scout the whole device; while those who were expected to regard it as "an excellent joke" (according to Stanton), repudiate not only the finesse but it authors. Their case look blue indeed.—*Tribune.*

DEATH OF JERRY.—A letter from Mr. Edward Wheeler, formerly a resident of this city, but at present residing in Kingston, C. W., informs us that Jerry died in Kingston on Saturday, the 8th instant. The disease which terminated his earthly career is not stated.

Jerry, although a very humble individual, has filled a considerable space in the history of our city and the United States Court for the Northern District of New York. According to the testimony of McReynolds, Jerry was born in Buncombe Co., N. C., in 1811, and was the son of a black woman named "Ceil." Jerry himself was a mulatto, or rather a red colour, and the inference is that he had a white father. The testimony of McReynolds also shows that no white man resided near the plantation on which Jerry was born except the master of "Ceil," a man named William Henry, who was probably the father, as well as the owner, of Jerry. Indeed, Jerry was known by the name of William Henry, while in this city.

The particulars of his capture and rescue must be familiar to all readers of the *Standard*.

Jerry left this city after his rescue and took up his abode in Kingston, where he resided until his death, working most of the time at his trade of coopering. About a year ago he became "converted" at a religious revival held in Kingston (by the Baptists we believe), and during his residence in Kingston we understand his conduct has been quite as good as that of the generality of men of his rank in life. Some accounts represent him to have had occasional fits of despondency and loneliness, but he was generally cheerful and contented with his lot.

He has gone to meet his original Master, and perhaps father, where all are on an equality.—*Syracuse Standard.*

AMERICAN SLAVERY.

TO MY COUNTRYMEN: An intelligent and long-tried Abolitionist (James M. McKim, Esq., of Philadelphia, United States of America) was in Dublin recently. A few evenings since he delivered an address to the Committee of the Dublin Anti-Slavery Society, in which he gave a pleasing account of the onward movement of the emancipation agitation in his country. It is always gratifying to those who are embarked in a noble enterprise to feel assured that their labours are productive of good results. Mr. McKim gave us a hasty sketch of the Abolition movement, from its commencement in America to the present day. It is about twenty years since William Lloyd Garrison startled the American conscience by declaring that "his words would be as harsh as truth, and as uncompromising as justice, and that he would be heard." At that time the mind of the country was in a species of lethargy on the subject of the wrongs inflicted on the coloured man; but a change has come over the spirit of the people, and that great land, from north to south, from east to west, is shaken and convulsed by a deep agitation, which is not to be set at rest until the chains of Slavery are rent asunder, and justice is done to her coloured people. God has spoken in tones of thunder, and the voice is not to be hushed until the glad shout of emancipation has gone forth. Fear rests in the soul of the wrong doer, and for a while makes him the more an oppressor; but a righteous public opinion both at home and abroad is rapidly swelling, and will ultimately bear down all opposition, so that "every chain will be broken, and the oppressed shall go free." At home this change in public sentiment manifests itself in the better treatment of the free coloured people in the Northern States of the Union. A few years ago they were treated with the utmost indignity, when travelling they were driven, no matter how respectable in appearance or how courteous in their demeanour, into separate cars on the railways, and to the western accommodation on board steamboats—white men spurned them with the utmost contempt. A great change for the better has taken place in these respects, and although an ungodly hatred of their coloured brethren still animates the breast of many, yet a great change for the better is now generally manifest, the coloured man is not now torn with violence from his place in the public conveyance. It is true he is yet subjected to much indignity in many ways, but an improved public opinion is securing for him, day by day, a juster treatment.

Abroad the universal voice of civilization is proclaiming in the ears of the bewildered man-stealer that he must release his victim or take his place among barbarians. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" makes the slaveholder turn pale as he hears his deep, damning crime, through its influence, made the subject of universal execration in Europe.

But, my countryman, it is not my purpose at present to go at any length into a detail of the results of Anti-Slavery agitation in America. Mr. McKim stated one deplorable fact in relation to it which I am constrained to lay before you, and deep, indeed, is my sorrow while I pen the painful words—Irishman in America are enemies to the coloured people—Irishman in America are taking little or no part in the glorious agitation which is to terminate in the most memorable result the world has ever seen since Moses led the Israelites out of bondage in the land of Egypt; and to the eternal disgrace of Ireland, it is to be feared that Irishman, instead of throwing themselves, heart and soul, into this heavenly movement, will still be found warring against God in puny efforts to prevent the fulfillment of His righteous decree, that his children of the African race shall be placed on an equal footing with men of every other clime. I cannot bear to think of this, and therefore I write to arouse you. We talk of our Christianity. Countrymen, it is rank infidelity, pure Atheism, to despise our brother to whom God has given a skin coloured differently from our own. Is not such conduct a practical denial of God—a plain flying in the face of our Creator—who, whatever may be the colour of the skin, whether white or black, or tawny or copper-coloured, "has created of one blood all the nations of men which dwell on the face of the earth?"

Countrymen, the great O'Connell raised his voice in favour of the oppressed coloured man; he never paltered with his convictions on the question of human rights. His words thundered across the Atlantic, and, like the voice of a man inspired by heaven, they gave confidence to the friends of freedom in America, and struck fear into the hearts of her enemies. These are not my own sentiments alone; they are confirmed to me by several American Abolitionists,

Since the death of this great hearted man, no loud voice from Ireland has awakened the fears of American slaveholders; and Irishmen in America are bringing disgrace upon the land of their birth by joining with the oppressor, instead of taking part with the oppressed. I am not acquainted with one Irishman in America who is an outspoken friend of the coloured man. Millions of men—"bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh"—have taken up their abode in that land of whips and chains, and they have no word of sympathy for God's children who are treated by their fellows as if they were soulless brutes.

Countrymen, if you and your wives and children were liable to be sold on the auction stand, or disposed of like cattle, in lots to suit the purchaser, torn assunder remorselessly, without the hope of ever meeting again on earth, would you not feel grateful to any one who strove to save you from so terrible a fate? The coloured people are treated thus—all I ask of you is, that you will "do as you would be done by"—ask your own hearts how you should act, and I have no fears as to the result. Irishmen have great power and influence in America; let the public sentiment here be honestly expressed in favour of freedom for the slave, and it will tell powerfully in the same direction on the hearts of our countrymen in the United States. Let every letter you send out to that land contain a prayer in favour of all who are enslaved; let every newspaper ring with honest denunciation of a system which holds in Slavery three and a half millions of men and women, as justly entitled to liberty as we are ourselves. There is neither honesty, nor manliness, nor consistency in our exclamations of abhorrence of oppression at home, while we turn a deaf ear to the cries of the slave in America, where we have so much power to see justice done.

I respectfully entreat the editors of all our papers to arouse the mind of this nation on the great question of Slavery in America, and to awaken our countrymen in that land to a right sense of their responsibilities and their duties, and remain your faithful friend,

JAMES HAUGHTON.

35 Eccles street, Dublin, 19th Sept., 1853.

THE REV. C. W. DENNISON, formerly the Editor of *Our Country*, recently appointed Chaplain to the Penitentiary, has now received the appointment of Consul to Demarara. It is to be hoped he will remain there the rest of his days.—*Boston Atlas.*

The Reverend gentleman above named has had a most remarkable career. We first knew him some twenty years ago in this city, when he was a young Baptist preacher, mainly devoted to Abolition, and living (we understood) on the bounty of Arthur Tappan. He left our city soon after, and next turned up in Boston, where he attended more to preaching and less to Abolition, but did a fair business in each. In 1834, when on the way to the Whig National Convention at Baltimore, we fell in with this apostle, who inquired our business, and we replied that we were going down to help nominate Mr. Clay for President. "How *can* you support a slaveholder?" he asked in a tone of equal sorrow and amazement. "Why, Mr. D., what "business brings *you* this way?" "I have just "been attending the Baptist Triennial Convention "at Philadelphia." "Were there any slaveholders "among its members?" "Yes, I regret to say, "there were some." "Well, did you try to eject "them or have them disciplined for slaveholding?" "No." "Now, Mr. Dennison, what sort of idea can "you have of the relative sacredness of Religion "and Politics, when you practically hold a slave-"holder good enough for an embassador of Christ, "but *not* good enough for an officer of our Federal "Government?" He tacitly acknowledged the corn, and has not since attempted to lecture us on the enormity of supporting slaveholders for office.

The next we heard of our Reverend acquaintance, he was editing a Native American paper in Boston; next he went headlong into no-party Taylorism, out of which he made a very good office (for himself), but did not manage long to retain it. Next he dipped into Websterism and Union-saving, and figured as one of the Webster lobby at Baltimore last year. He kept on Union-saving through the canvass, gradually easing off from Webster and going in for Pierce; and in October last he was making scurrilous stump harrangues in favour of the latter. And now he has his reward.

General Pierce will live to rue the day when he was persuaded into appointing to responsible stations all manner of political guerillas and cowboys, in place of solid, quiet, steadfast Democrats, who do not bully and pander for office, and never need to be bought. We charge him nothing for the admonition; but he pays liberally for much advice that is not nearly so good.—*Tribune.*

LETTER FROM CHAS. FRANCIS ADAMS.

[The following letter was addressed to the recent meeting of the Free Democracy of New York.]

QUINCY, Sept. 24, 1853.

GENTLEMEN: Your invitation to attend a meeting of the Free Democracy in the city of New York, held to sustain your State nominations, has been received by me with the greatest satisfaction. Is it really true that the giant is throwing off the chains which have so long crippled him—that, disgusted with the personal bickerings going on around him, which have long filled his ears without touching his heart, he shows a desire for some action worthy of his enormous power? If it be [illegible] of our deliverance near its dawn.

I am sorry that I cannot join you at this time. In this contingency you ask me to give you such words of encouragement as the prospects of our friends here will justify. I will do so very cheerfully.

One new sign is making itself more and more visible throughout the whole of New England at this time. I mean the freedom assumed in the expression of individual opinion. Although action independent of party ties does not yet by any means generally follow, yet when it does happen, it is much more indulgently regarded than heretofore. Herein lies the source of hope for us. In matters of abstract reasoning, men commonly pass through three separate stages, with some interval of time between them. First, they begin to think for themselves—next, they go on to speak the result of their thoughts—and last of all, they determine to act. It is the passage from the first to the second step which has been the most violently resisted in our case by the old combinations. These have tried, by every means in their power to cut off that kind of exchange of private sentiment which gradually forms what is called public opinion. To this end they have ventured so far as to prohibit the agitation of the question of Slavery. They have kept the party tocsin continually going to call attention towards the old, dragged and dilapidated standards of wornout organizations. At one moment they have fulminated anathemas, with dire penalties in case of disobedience, and at another they have strained every nerve to rouse the most groundless fears for the safety of the social system. These devices have succeeded for a time in staying the movement of the popular mind; but they have done nothing more, and their power is near its end. Men will not go on fighting forever for mere names. Neither will the great majority, who never expect office, or the crumbs of patronage, always consent to the discipline of an organization which ends in nothing but putting a few leaders into place. The time has arrived when most of them show signs of fatigue from this species of warfare; and unless some better objects are soon presented for which to act, there can be no doubt that many will be found straying away into the road to more positive opinions and more exalted principles.

At such a moment of pause, the Free Democracy enjoy the unspeakable advantage of having a topic for honest men to think of and to discuss. It is not low, nor mean, nor obscure, nor hard to comprehend. When once presented it cannot be evaded or forgotten by an ingenuous mind. It will rise up unbidden. It will force itself through the most elaborate defences. The right and wrong of human servitude is now stirring the depths of the American soul more than it ever did before. Many think now who soon will speak more and more loudly. No combination can prevent it, let them vote whatever they like, in or out of conventions. As well might they hope to stop the flow of the great Father of Waters. The question is not what we shall say, but what we must do after we speak our thoughts. The evil is here, and growing greater every day. It must be checked, or we become false to every principle implanted in our nature for good. How, then, can there be a hope left that the murmurs against it should not likewise grow louder every day?

And here I must be permitted to say, that if the partisans of lethargy in this matter had desired to do all they could to keep the public mind everlasting awake, they could scarcely have hit upon a better expedient than the Fugitive Slave Law. For my single self, I will say, that if, at any time, I feel the smallest softening of my aversion to Slavery, I have but to bring to mind a single case under that law to revive it in its greatest force. Time has no power to wear out the disgust I feel with it. I am ashamed to think that such a bloodspot is growing upon the statute book of a free people. I am pained to reflect upon the chapter which it is introducing into our judicial annals. I am distressed to hear that men whom I respect in general pronounce it consistent with a constitution which I anxiously desire to regard as perfect. I am shocked to find others who must abhor it as much as I do willing to let it take the ordinary course without interposing a syllable of remonstrance. No! so help me a just Heaven, my horror at the atrocity of the provisions of law, so far from declining as the years pass on, only grows more intense. I will not cease in every proper effort to oppose that law, and to procure its unconditional repeal. To me it looks like a great national dishonour, which grows more and more flagrant with time. And if no voice were left on this broad continent but mine to raise against it, all feeble as it is, I would yet strive to make it reach the ears of the rising generations, to supplicate them to wipe off the stain left upon their fathers, by repealing that law. But I am by no means alone in my feeling upon this subject. The same causes which move my heart agitate those of thousands of my countrymen. Every case of reclamation under the law adds new hundreds to the number, because it stimulates the passions to act on the side which their reason approves and their judgment sustains. How, then, can it be that the prospects of the Free Democracy should not be encouraging? In New England, we know that numbers are sympathizing with us in opinion. Sooner or later, if we are wise and true to our declared purposes, they will be with us in action also. But the question how soon will, after all, depend a little upon the success which you have in New York in embodying the moral sense and honest feeling of your noble-minded population on the side of national honour and of eternal rights. Suffer not yourselves to be diverted in any way, or under whatever plausible pretences, from your grand object, and you will earn their confidence. God grant that your labours be so wisely directed that they shall earn their full reward. So prays, gentlemen, your obedient servant, CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns, should be addressed to SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, New York.

Donations to the Treasury of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY may be forwarded to FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer, at Boston; or to SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, New York.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1853.

Second Decade Anniversary OF THE FORMATION OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

IT is almost twenty years since the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY was organized by a Convention held for that purpose in the City of Philadelphia. How eventful is the history of the Society and of our country during this period! The Society, faithful in a good degree to the great principles on which, as upon the Everlasting Rock, it was so wisely founded, has gone forward steadily and fearlessly in its work of exposing the sinfulness of Slavery and its dire effects upon the pecuniary prosperity, the political relations, and the moral character of the Nation, and demanding, as the right of the slave and the duty of the master, Immediate and Unconditional Emancipation. Happy would it have been for our country, and O how happy for those who now pine in bondage! if the voice thus lifted up in the name of Justice and Liberty had been heeded and obeyed. But, alas! the American People, like Pharaoh of old, hardened their hearts, refusing to obey the mandate of Jehovah, and practically demanding, "Who is the Lord, that we should obey his voice, to let our bondmen go? We know not the Lord, neither will we let our bondmen go." The area of Slavery has been immensely increased by iniquitous legislation and at the expense of a bloody and atrocious war; the number of slaves has augmented from two and a half to nearly four millions; and the Slave Power exults in the enactment of a new statute for the recovery of fugitive bondmen—a statute worthy of the spirit of Caligula and Draco, and disgraceful alike to our professions of Republicanism, Civilization and Christianity. Each advancing step in the progress of the Society has revealed a still "lower deep" of national corruption and profligacy, until both Church and State are shown to be utterly defiled by the dark spirit of Slavery, and the Constitution so contaminated as to leave no alternative to the friends of freedom but to repudiate its obligations or renounce their allegiance to God.

But notwithstanding these developments of national profligacy, we are far from being discouraged. Indeed, we see in these developments a sure sign of progress and a pledge of final success. We have compelled Slavery to exhibit itself in its true character before mankind; we have succeeded in fixing upon its hideous features the steady gaze of the whole civilized world; we have formed a nucleus around which is gathering, surely if not as rapidly as we could wish, A MORAL POWER which will ere long prove itself too mighty to be successfully resisted. We now know, as we did not at first, the heighth and depth, the length and breadth of the evil which we are struggling to overthrow, and this knowledge is an important preparation for the work that remains to be done. Profiting by the experience of the past, and having a never-failing source of encouragement in the consciousness that our cause is just, and that God and Truth are on our side, we must go forward, regardless of every obstacle, and undismayed by every danger that may beset our path.

In accordance with the vote of the Society at its last Annual Meeting, we hereby invite its members and friends to assemble in Sansom Street Hall, Philadelphia, on Saturday, Sunday and Monday, December 3d, 4th and 5th, to celebrate the Twentieth Anniversary of its Formation. The meeting will open on the first day above named at 10 o'clock, A. M. We hope to see a representation of friends of the cause from every free State, and that, by the presence and labours of many eloquent champions of freedom, the meeting may be instrumental in strengthening the Anti Slavery Sentiment of the country and hastening the day when Liberty [illegible] throughout all the land [illegible] habitants thereof.

By order of the Executive Committee.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, *Pres.*

EDMUND QUINCY, } *Cor. Secretaries.*
SYDNEY H. GAY, }

WENDELL PHILLIPS, *Rec. Secretary.*

☞ Papers friendly to the Society are requested to copy the above notice.

MILK.

WE might assume at starting that of all human food, milk is the most important, and nobody, we think, even of those who were brought up "by hand," would gainsay the proposition. But such an *ab initio* starting-point would be a ground-work for a discussion more lengthy and abstruse than we have, just now, room or leisure for, so we content ourselves with observing that in any remarks we may have to make, touching this subject, we are ready to grant any position that assumes, socially, physiologically, psychologically, politico-economically, æsthetically, abstractly or concretely, the value of milk.

The New School Presbyterian Synod of New York and New Jersey were in session, in this city, last week, and milk, it seems, was one of the subjects of its solemn and prayerful deliberation. How deeply they went into the subject we do not know, for the published reports in the daily papers only tell us that "the selling of milk on the Sabbath was referred to the Presbyteries." Perhaps the Synod is going into the milk business, and looking upon it in the light of a mission, mean that the Presbyteries shall serve it on Sundays; if that be so, "we shall not quarrel," for we know of many of the Church's Doctors who are not half so usefully employed now as they would be in that case. We would even pay a good deal extra per quart if Dr. Cox would serve our milk, if thereby we were not altogether deprived of his speeches and letters—we should protest against *their* loss—and could have, with the milk-can, occasionally, one of his translations from Virgil, or one of his passages in English which so defy translation. Or perhaps the Synod mean that no milk shall be served on Sundays except by lay Presbyterians, that the good cause thereby may be taken out of the hands of "infidels," and the people supplied with, as it were, pure evangelical milk. Or perhaps, and this seems the most likely, though hardly as reasonable, they question the propriety of having any milk at all on the Sabbath, in which case we cannot sufficiently bless our stars that we were educated a Unitarian, for the stomach of our child stoutly rejects bonny-clabber, neither are we fond of it in our own tea. So if this be the purpose of the Synod, we and it should be at issue; though in the two former cases we could cordially go along with it, as we should not fear that Presbyterian milk would be *watered*—they rather dealing in another element—and the translation of many of the Presbyterian divines from the pulpits to the milk-carts would be a sight to see and a thing to thank God on. But perhaps we are getting off the platform.

What the Presbyterians will do about this Sabbath milk-selling, we, of course, do not know; but, as the subject was referred to them, it is clear that the Synod is awake to its importance, though it was not disposed to assume the responsibility of deciding upon it. Viewed psychologically, and in the light of Presbyterian Sabbatarianism, it is doubtless a serious matter, for who can tell what tricks the devil might play with a Sunday-milked cow, or into what, milk so milked, might curdle in the human stomach? Let us admire the New School Presbyterian Synod of New York and New Jersey that it is thus consistent with its theological belief, and thus alive to the spiritual welfare of its members.

But granting, as we have at the outset, the importance of milk in the social economy, even if we fall back on the Scriptural injunction that it is food for the "babes," we must naturally pass from the value of the aliment to those it feeds. Indeed, we might hereupon enter into a long disquisition to show that it is the value of the "babes"—and those that babes grow to—that makes the milk worthy of consideration. But without stopping to enlarge upon that point we may assume that any doubt which the Synod may have as to the propriety of Sunday milk-selling is not because of any harm that may thereby arise to the milk, but to those with whom, through their gastric organs, it may be assimilated. The value of man lies at the bottom of the whole question, and that, in our disquisition, should we undertake it, we should propose to show. We might, in our thesis, thus state the question: It being wrong to sell milk, the first food of man, on the Sabbath, it is as much more wrong to sell a man at all, as a man is better than a cow—for which assertion again we have Scriptural authority. And to this, at last, perhaps the New School Presbyterians will come. They have begun with the milk, and when it is settled when that may, and when it may not, be sold lawfully, they will reach the other question—the selling of man. They are far enough off from it, at present, but we hope much from their faces being in the right direction. The Synod adopted the following Resolution, introduced by the Rev. Dr. Cox:

Resolved, That on the subject of Slavery, it is the judgment of Synod that no good is likely to result from ecclesiastical action in reference to it either in this Synod or the General Assembly, and therefore leave it all to the inferior judicatories of the church, and to the government of eternal Providence, with prayer for our country in all its sections, and for our church in all its interests, is a more excellent way, and practically our proper wisdom.

COXIANA.

THE day has hardly yet come to look backward in Anti-Slavery for either historical or other purposes, the look forward being still so extensive, and withal so necessary for the avoidance of mines and countermines, fosses, masked batteries, and other dangers yet to be avoided or braved ere the point of safety and the time of leisure "to talk the battle o'er again" shall be reached. As we hurry on, nevertheless, it is lawful to pick up old relics, to note here and there curious incidents, and store them away for future reference and use. A wealth of such things, we believe, may be found scattered through the columns of this paper for years past, and we add here a little gem to the rest. Somebody, one of these days, will doubtless make an entertaining and instructive book of the Curiosities of Anti-Slavery Literature, and there must, of course, be in it a Chapter of Coxiana. How it will look, and what rich reading it will be, anybody may see who will compare this letter, which a friend of the *Tribune* sends to that paper, with some of the later missives of the Reverend Merry Andrew of *Rus-in-urbe*, or even a Resolution of his, which may be found in another column, which he offered last week, in a Presbyterian Synod:

NEW YORK, Feb. 27, 1835.

HON. JOHN DICKSON—*Honoured Sir*:—You will understand me, without a multiplicity of words, if I merely say that, having received and read your late speech in Congress on the memorial for the abolition of Slavery in the metropolitan district, I heartily rejoice, as thousands on earth and all in heaven also do, at the sentiments it utters, the cause it supports, the motives it infers, the courage it evinces, the magnanimity it implies, and the achievement it effects, to the true honour of our country and the best hopes of the world. I bless God for leading your mind to a position so morally splendid, when I see posterity blessing him also for the same thing! Nothing but truth can be the permanent resting place of mind; and you have advocated truth against the moral, the political, and even the religionizing heresy of this hypocritical nation! I know, indeed, that there are myriads among us that think with you: that their numbers are perpetually increasing; that all the changes are in *one* direction, and that a right one; and that your creed will hasten to become the creed of the nation and of the world, *faxente Deo*, on this important theme; and I can say, "With all thy faults, I love thee still, my country."

This cause, Dear Sir, with its principles, is a part of my religion—because, *I am sure* it is an essential constituent of Christianity. The support which the Bible gives to Slavery, or oppression of any sort, is morbidly imaginary and demonstrably false! This is eminently true in the New—the last—the best Dispensation of the grace of God. The partition wall of nations is prostrate.

Tros Rutuluone fuat, nullo discrimine habebo.

The charter of fraternity is the evangelical commission, directed "to every creature" in "all the world." Instead of national Israel and the ancient theocracy, all nations are, objectively, Israelites and brethren—and when did even the grossest interpreter pretend that the Bible allows an Israelite to buy and own and sell an Israelite? Making allowance for the power of ignorance, education, prejudice, and so forth, a man who would trade in man would buy and sell Almighty God himself for thirty pieces of silver—and virtually does so whenever he vends or purchases "his image" of humanity! But enough—and yet as a Christian, I could not have said less; and as a man—the species are my brothers, and I say with Terence, an African and once a slave—*Homo sum, nil humanum a me alienum puto*; the sentiment that once electrified a Roman amphitheatre, and woke in human bosoms the thundering echoes of nature's approbation—I speak, of course, of nature purely, the *pura naturalia* of man.

You have already lived a thousand common lifetimes, and I pray God to preserve you through a million. May the God of WILBERFORCE fill you with his wisdom, and bless your influence widely on this nation.

I shall ever be happy to see and to serve you.

Very respectfully, yours, &c., SAM'L H. COX.

A HIRED LIBELLER OF HIS COUNTRY.

WE call the attention of the reader to the slashing article from the Washington *Union* in another column of this morning's impression, headed "The Paid Slanderer of President Pierce in the London *Times*." It is an awfully severe but richly deserved castigation. The blood flies at every cut of the lash, and it will be long before the victim recovers from the infliction. Some of our readers may not, perhaps, recollect who was Consul at Genoa at the period alluded to by the *Union*, and who is the present correspondent of the London *Times*. That there may be no danger of any other person bearing, in the estimation of any one, the sins of this particular personage, we will print his name. It is C. Edwards Lester. He once wrote a book with the impressive title of "The Glory and Shame of England." *His* glory, if he was ever in any respect glorious, has departed, and he has written his own shame, or, may be, the Washington *Union* has written it for him. Let C Edwards Lester be remembered as the hired libeller of his country.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The case of this Lester has been one of the interesting items of political scandal the past week. It is not an unusual thing for him to be brought before the public charged with one and another disgraceful act, but this time something more than usual importance is attached to him from the fact that he is the New York Correspondent of the London *Times*—the English *Herald*—and has availed himself of that position to attack the present administration, incited thereto, it is alleged, by his own disappointment in getting an office under it. The Washington *Union* and the *Post* of this city have taken him in hand, and have shown, from his antecedents, how much credit is to be given to any statement he may make; Lester, on the other hand, has replied, in a letter to Secretary Marcy, and the verdict of candid people, after hearing all the evidence, will probably be that as to integrity and honourable dealing, it is as the difference between six and half-a-dozen.

But time's great whirligig generally does justice to all men, and the general truth has its particular application in this instance. There are probably very few, if any, papers in the country that will not join in with the *Detroit Free Press* in the sentiment of the paragraph we have quoted above. Yet it is not many years since this same Lester was petted and praised as a patriot of the noblest breed because the libelling for which he was then, if not hired, at least rewarded, was of another and more popular sort. His book upon England was meant only to cater to a unreasoning and vulgar prejudice against England, and to serve as a vehicle of abuse and misrepresentation of th Abolitionists both of that country and this. For all this he was paid with the consulship to Genoa, where, for several years, he so represented his government as to make the very name of it an offence in the ears of all just men. From that time to this his career has often enough been traced, as well as more recently by the papers we have just referred to. But of his history before he went to England, and of his conduct in connection with that visit, nothing seems generally known, or, at least, nothing is told by those who have undertaken to expose this literary and political bravo. Here we can supply a note or two.

Lester was originally a Presbyterian minister, settled in some 'rural district,' somewhere, we believe, in the Western part of Massachusetts. One of the Anti-Slavery lecturers dug him up out of that obscurity, and introduced him to the notice of the prominent Abolitionists about Boston. He made his entrance into public life at an Anti-Slavery meeting in that city, appearing upon that platform, not, perhaps, with quite the assurance and imposing flourish which long habit has now made him master of, but with quite enough of them, added to his strong profession of Anti-Slavery zeal, to ensure his favourable reception. We do not recollect that he signalized his conversion by any other remarkable public effort in behalf of the cause, but he was afterward appointed a delegate to the World's Anti-Slavery Convention of 1840 in London, and, if our memory serves us faithfully, the appointment was made at his own request. At all events, he went with Anti-Slavery credentials in his pocket, and these he used till he could use them no longer. In London he was all things to all men, as *he* understood the Apostolic injunction, being an Evangelical clergyman, an Anti-Slavery delegate, or an easy man of the world, as best served his purpose. In one of these characters, it is said, he collected funds for coloured people in Canada, though on what authority, or what was their destination, was not so clear. In society his cards announced him as C. Elwards *Leicester*—an aristocratic designation which, doubtless, he thought would be a passport among the English aristocracy. But his Anti-Slavery associates were not long in tracing his crooked ways, and a public announcement in the London Anti-Slavery Office speedily severed the connection between them. It was then he turned his philanthropic attention to the condition of England, and his book was the result.

This first chapter in the rise and progress of the "hired libeller" may be interesting to those who have traced his subsequent career. Perhaps too they may see that, given this first step the others were pretty sure to follow, and deduce therefrom a moral which will one day be read of all men; for Mr. C. Edwards Lester is neither the first nor last man who, finding Anti-Slavery principle not a paying investment, in sacrificing that stock threw himself in, into the bargain, and, though dog-cheap at that, turned out in the end to be a very bad purchase to his buyers. So flagrant a case as this may not often, indeed, come before the public, but this alone is quite enough to establish it as a truth that a renegade Abolitionist, or one that pretends to be an Abolitionist for an ulterior purpose, is no more to be trusttd than any other sort of a traitor—a truth that we heartily commend to the consideration of the *Evening Post*, and all Barnburners generally.

UNCLE SAM OFF THE SCENT.

THE U. S. Marshal for the State of Pennsylvania is baffled and perplexed. He sent three of his Deputies probably as mean scoundrels as himself—to Wilkesbarre, lately, to catch a fugitive slave; and although they contrived to beat and almost kill the poor fellow, who fought them all single-handed, they did *not* succeed in getting him into their custody. Bruised and bloody, the poor fellow, after wading into the river to escape his tormenters, crawled into a cornfield, where he was found by some Good Samaritan and helped, probably, on his way to a land of liberty. The Government of the United States wants to find out who it was that dared to act the part of a Christian toward that poor hunted man; and if it can catch him, he will no doubt be made to suffer the penalty provided in the Law for Slave-catching. Francis M. Wynkoop (his coop is not a very winning one!), as the agent of the Government, has published the following advertisement, which indicates the sort of business in which Uncle Sam is engaged:

$100 Reward.

WHEREAS, certain Deputy Marshals of my office visited Wilkesbarre, on Friday last, armed with a warrant from Hon. Robert C. Grier for the arrest of a fugitive from labour; and whereas, said officers were obstructed and interfered with in their efforts to execute such process; now, therefore, I will pay the sum of One Hundred Dollars for proof which will lead to the conviction of the man, or men, who furnished the prisoner with a knife; or for proof sufficient to convict the man or men who harboured, secreted, and carried away said prisoner from the town of Wilkesbarre.

FRANCIS M. WYNKOOP,
U. S. Marshal, Philadelphia.

Wilkesbarre, Sept. 7, 1853.

The *Carbondale Transcript*, moved by terror of the Fugitive Slave Law, tells the anxious Marshal all he knows about the matter, as follows:

We are willing to tell Marshal Wynkoop all we know about the matters referred to by him, even though he should not be magnanimous enough to give us the reward offered above, which we need just now, particularly. We do not intend either to make any charge for this publication of his advertisement.

The story is rife, here, that William Thomas, the "fugitive from labour," seized "a knife" from Mr. Gilchrist's breakfast table during his attempted capture "by certain Deputy Marshal's from my office." The knife was probably placed upon the table, where the prisoner could make it available, through the instrumentality of the accomplished landlady of the Phœnix Hotel, who superintends, we believe, the table arrangements in person. We are informed that it was nothing more than a common case knife, at most, although Wm. Thomas, somehow, just then (judging from the use he made of it), seems to have been impressed with the idea that it was a *carving* knife. We are sorry to expose Mrs. G., but it would not answer to disobey the Fugitive Slave Law, which we should do if we did not tell all we know about a "knife." We should be prosecuted for high treason likely enough.

The "prisoner" was "carried away," of course, on the "under-ground railroad," even "from the town of Wilkesbarre;" but who were the "conductors," we cannot for the life of us conjecture. Just now, nobody seems to know anything about it. If we find them out, Marshal Wynkoop may rely upon hearing from us again.

"SATAN TRANSFORMED."

THIS is the language employed by the New York *Observer* in speaking of the National Theatre, where the drama of Uncle Tom's Cabin is being played. The particular circumstance which excited the *Observer's* wrath was the announcement that little Cordelia Howard, who plays the character of Eva so beautifully as to win universal applause, had induced her father to set apart one dollar a week, the fruit of her earnings, for Mr. Pease's mission at the Five Points. The *Observer* says:

There is not a greater rendezvous for prostitution and iniquity of every sort than this same National Theatre. Undoubtedly the moral character of the play which has for the last few months been nightly exhibited on its stage, and with so much success, has been the means of enticing hundreds of innocent souls within its halls and on the road to ruin. But Satan has indeed put on the double garb of an angel of light when, as a means of alluring a still larger number of them into his snares, he clothes himself through the column of that same *N. Y. Tribune* with the eminently righteous work of devoting a dollar a night for the support of a charity to which the National Theatre with the above zealous aid is nightly adding its victims.

It must be admitted that the National Theatre, as formerly conducted, was obnoxious, to some extent, to the charge which the *Observer* brings against it; but in putting the drama of Uncle Tom upon his stage, the manager has produced a complete revolution. The place is now frequented by persons of the highest respectability, by religious people, not excepting clergymen. The harlotry so conspicuous formerly has been completely exorcised by the spirit of Anti-Slavery—that spirit which the *Observer* hates with all the malignity of its festering hypocritical heart. The editor of the *Sunday Atlas*, having visited the Theatre recently, was struck by this fact. He says:

There was not, in the whole establishment, unless she was under sanctified hypocritical protection, which we do not believe was the case, one of those frail sisters of the *town* and *pave*, who nightly seek a market-place in the *corridoirs* of other theatres; and when we said to a somewhat ultra republican friend, "it seems to us, from the aspect of things, that there are no wantons in this theatre," he replied, "No *sir-ee!* them's the women and gals that don't come here. No, sir-ee! These ere gals and women go where trade is kept up; this ere theatre is one that goes in for religion, virtue, morality—and *liberty*." Although the words somewhat faltered on the lips of our republican friend, we understood them without the aid of an interpreter, and learned a lesson which older men might learn and cherish, to their credit and advantage.

Thus it will be seen that the harlots, like the *Observer*, are not much attracted by Anti-Slavery. They agree, in fact, in repudiating it. Jesus, however, said of that class in his day that they would go into the kingdom before the Scribes and Pharisees, and we have no doubt that the harlots of New York have more of genuine humanity in their hearts than the Editors of the *Observer*, and others who, like them, go for slave-catching in the name of Christ.

The *Observer*, in supporting Slavery, supports a system of licentiousness and prostitution a great deal worse than that of which ordinary Theatres are too often the nucleus. Slavery *forces* its victims to become prostitutes, while the licentiousness of our Northern cities has at least this advantage in the comparison, viz., that its victims are not compelled by law to sacrifice their virtue. The drama of Uncle Tom reveals this feature of the slave system in a very impressive manner, and is in itself a lesson of moral purity. The *Observer*, in supporting the Fugitive Slave Law, goes for seizing the woman who seeks to preserve her chastity by flight, and forcing her, by the whole power of the U. S. Government, to submit to the lecherous embraces of her master. The paper which advocates villainy like this has the cool effrontery to pretend to be shocked by the licentiousness of the Theatre!

CONVENTION OF THE COLOURED PEOPLE OF ILLINOIS.

A LARGE and highly respectable Convention of the Coloured People of Illinois was recently held in Chicago, for the purpose of adopting measures for the removal of the unfortunate and criminal disabilities under which they are labouring. There are no movements of the present time that we regard as more hopeful than these efforts of the coloured people to enfranchise and elevate themselves. We see in them the legitimate fruits of the Anti-Slavery Movement, and an earnest of its triumph.

The following notice of the Illinois Convention is copied from the Chicago *Tribune*:

During the recent sitting of the Convention of coloured people of this city, I have several times looked

thah he, in those day, in attempting to mend the people's ways, and, as it was an easy transition from that calling to mending their legs, so we are not surprised to hear of his signal success. Moreover, we are quite sure that when he puts them on their feet, he sets them going in the right direction, so far, at least, as it is in his power, for he has abated nothing of his Anti-Slavery zeal. If sometimes his patients will use his good legs to go straight off to the devil in a pro-slavery direction, like that famous man in Germany whose mechanical leg ran off with him and never stopped, but is going to this day, all over Europe, with his skeleton, we are certain it is not the Dr.'s fault, for we have no doubt he buckles every strap with some excellent aphorism, and with every turn of a screw renews his testimony on the sins of the Church and the State.

BIGOTRY THE SAME EVERYWHERE.—F. W. Chesson, writing from Manchester (Eng), to the *Wesleyan*, notices the efforts now being made in that country to promote the cause of Temperance, and the opposition made to that cause by the clergy, and says:

"The United Kingdom Alliance," formed expressly "to procure the total and immediate legislative suppression of the traffic in all intoxicating liquors," has issued a most able address, which is being very extensively circulated. In the general council of this society I see some first rate names, which must give influence and importance to the movement, so that, altogether, the Tetotallers may be said to be having a revival. However, Dr. Campbell, in the *British Banner*, does not cease his attacks on them for their "infidelity"—attacks which, viewed in the light of true religion, and not through the thick, dirty spectacles of a bitter sectarianism, are preposterous. A moral movement cannot be, or ought not to be, a doctrinal movement, nor should it be in any way exclusive; it should be as broad as the world; but if the Temperance cause were in Dr. Campbell's hands he would confine it to the Church, and "respectfully decline" the co-operation of the *world*. That is the way the clergy in this country are rapidly losing their influence. They are yearly making the wall of separation between them and those Reformers who are not allied to sects, higher and thicker. They are causing the very name of minister to be associated with narrow-minded, Pharisaical bigotry. Instead of being the leaders of public opinion, they follow in its wake; instead of aiding moral reforms in their infancy, just when they require support, they coldly stand aloof and help not until it is popular to help, until the victory is about to be won. What do the ministers of this count.y do to lessen the bitter animosity of sects? What do they do for the cause of political reform? What do they do for the cause of Peace at a time when their voice on its behalf is especially needed? What do they do for the slave? What do the dissenting divines do for the cause of nonconformity? In answer to all these questions I can honestly say, that the great mass of them do next to nothing. This is a dangerous state of things. It begets contempt for the church. It renders Rationalism more popular. It makes moral reformers try to do their work without the aid of Parsondom; and then, forsooth, when they labour alone, the ministers raise the cry of Infidelity, as if the blessing of God could not rest upon the advocates of a good cause, unless they were aided by a regiment of "Reverends."

PRESENTATION OF A MEDAL TO MR. HALE.—A large public meeting was held in Boston on Thursday evening of last week, according to previous notice, to commemorate, by the presentation of a medal, the services of Hon. John P. Hale in promoting the abolition of the lash in the Navy. A large concourse of ladies and gentlemen were assembled, and speeches were made by Deacon Grant, R. H. Dana, and others, and an eloquent reply by Mr. Hale himself. The medal, which was presented by Mr. Dana, is thus described by the *Commonwealth:*

The medal is from the manufactory of Messrs. Guild & Stevens, Boston. Its design and workmanship evince great taste and skill on the part of the manufacturers. The medal is not, as usual, an impression from a die, but is worked from the solid metal by process of manufacture. It consists of an oval plate in the centre, bearing upon one side the following inscription:

"Presented to the Hon. JOHN P. HALE by the crew of the sloop-of-war Germantown, as a mark of their appreciation of his efforts in securing the abolition of Flogging in the U. S. Navy, Oct. 13, 1853."

On the other side an engraving represents a scene on shipboard. It supposes flogging to exist, and the barbarous act is again to be repeated. The victim stands with nude back, turning away from his fellows in conscious degradation, while the Boatswain's mate, with the instrument in his hand, is ready to strike—when over the other side appears the advocate of Humanity, and, stretching forth his hand, says, "Stop!" displaying to view the law. The centre is surrounded with appropriate designs. At the top is the upper portion of the capstan, spars, cords, blocks, &c: at the bottom, two guns, rammers, and ball; at the sides, falling from staffs, from the top, the national flag, which falls, and appears to mingle in its folds the surrounding objects, consisting of nautical implements.

JUDICIAL DECORUM.—The *Evening Post* comments in indignant terms upon the recent conduct of Judge Grier.

A phenomenon is presented to the people of this country, in Pennsylvania, which might almost incline one to believe in the transmigration of souls. It is not quite two hundred years since Judge Jeffreys, a blusterer and a tyrant on the bench, in the reign of James II., died in the Tower. If his soul does not inhabit the earth still, we have one cast in the same mould. Judge Grier, of the United States Circuit Court, in Pennsylvania, bears so strong a likeness to Jeffreys, in his behaviour on the bench, whenever a matter touching the fugitive slave law is before him, that on reading a report of the proceedings one might easily imagine himself reading an account of what happened in the time of the latter Stuarts.

After quoting the Judges threatening language, already published by us, it continues:

In all the proceedings of our tribunals of which we have seen any account, there is nothing to be compared to this. Judge Grier threatens to turn public informer, to procure an indictment in his own court against the man who resorts to a fair legal remedy—the writ of *habeas corpus*, offered by the institutions of the country to all who choose to avail themselves of it—against the counsel who appears to support it—and against the officer, who cannot, by law, refuse to serve the writ. Having got the parties indicted—by his influence with the grand jury—it would be his business to try them, and what treatment they might expect is evidence from the sample of his language which we have given.

This exhibition of judicial ferocity will probably have no effect except to inflame the very zeal against which it is directed. The world has got to such a stage, that neither philanthropists nor lawyers are to be frightened thus from what they regard as their duty.

DEATH OF JERRY.—We mentioned briefly, last week, the fact of the death of Jerry, of Syracuse, the man whom an infamous law of the United States had made famous, and almost exalted into a martyr. The *Syracuse Standard* says the intelligence was sent to that city by a Mr. Wheeler, formerly a resident of Syracuse, but living now in Kingston, Canada. The death of Jerry took place on the 10th inst., but the cause of it is not mentioned. He was born, the *Standard* adds, according to the testimony of McReynolds, in Buncombe County, N. C., in 1811, and was the son of a black woman named Ceil. Jerry himself was a mulatto, or rather a red colour, and the inference is that he had a white father. The testimony of McReynolds also shows that no white man resided near the plantation on which Jerry was born except the master of Ceil, a man named William Henry, who was probably the father as well as the owner of Jerry. When living in Syracuse, and before his arrest, he was known by the name of William Henry—a name which he probably assumed, and which he had the best authority in the world, no doubt, for believing that it belonged to him.

MOSAIC LAWS OF SERVITUDE.—The *National Era* is about to publish a paper on the *Mosaic Law of Servitude*, from the pen of Hon. William Jay. The public will not need assurance that the subject will be candidly and thoroughly discussed. The paper, after appearing in the *Era*, will be reprinted entire in one number of *Facts for the People*.

WILLIAM GOODELL is about to publish in the *National Era* his views in respect to the Legal Tenure of Slavery. He holds, substantially, the opinions of Lysander Spooner.

1848.

JOHN VAN BUREN.—"If I ever cast a vote for Slavery, may I die forsaken by man, accursed by God."

JOHN COCHRAN.—"The opposers of the Wilmot Proviso should be gibbetted here, and damned hereafter."

1851.

VAN BUREN AND COCHRAN.—"Three cheers for the Fugitive Slave Law."

DOMESTIC CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM J. H. PHILLEO.

MILLBROOK, Pa., Oct. 14th, 1853.

DEAR GAY: Being again in the field, and having just now a little leisure, and not wishing to be idle, I venture to prepare for the *Standard* a brief report of our doings, at the risk of overcrowding your columns. By advice from headquarters, I met my colleague, Mr. J. F. Selby, of this State, by appointment, at Girard, near Erie, Pa., on the 1st instant. On the morning of the 2d, we commenced a series of meetings, in what is termed the Francis neighbourhood, a few miles from Girard. Our meetings in this place continued through the day and evening. The doctrine of *No Union with Slaveholders*, religious or political, was proclaimed in its fulness, to a goodly number of exceedingly attentive and, to appearance, deeply interested listeners. Our remarks in the evening caused a little squirming on the part of a few. Horace Mannism, or so much of it as Frederick Douglass manufactured into an "*Extinguisher*," seemed to have so far taken root in a few minds as to *extinguish* what of common sense Nature may have gifted them with. The opposition, however, was confined to about three individuals, and was altogether indefinite and ineffectual; while the assent to our principles was almost universal, and altogether overwhelming.

I must not so far trespass on your space and tax the time of your readers as to descend to particulars; suffice it to say, that since the morning of the 2d instant, we have held 23 meetings, on our way from the Railroad to this place, a distance of some 70 miles, by direct route. We have, during this time, travelled a much greater distance, having, come-outer like, frequently left the beaten track to wander into by and forbidden paths. Last Sunday we travelled 20 miles and held 4 meetings.

I was never before in this State; my efforts in behalf of the slave, and in all other behalf, having been confined exclusively to my native State, New York.

I am greatly pleased with the appearance and spirit of the people in these parts; this is, probably, a favoured portion of the State, a bright spot in its dark firmament.

New York is conservative in almost everything, time-serving, and cold-hearted, prudent and conventional in more than everything. This last proposition may seem to some to be among the impossibilities. I think it is true, nevertheless; but can't stop now to argue the point. There is, however, in that State, some choice spirits, but for whom, the fate of the cities of the plain would have been paradise, compared with the fire of its Day of Judgment, long since.

Nature has bestowed her gifts on this region with a lavish hand. She has aimed more, I think, at the useful than the beautiful, though the latter is by no means wanting. I walked, the other day, into the cornfield of our host, and was greatly astonished to find that I could not reach to within 3 to 4 feet of the tops of the standing stalks. But if this surprised me, how must I have opened my eyes with astonishment when told by a native of Genesee, who, by the way, is a graduate from the Peculiar Institution, that he had frequently seen standing corn there so tall that a man could not reach the ears thereof with a walking staff! I am half inclined to think he stretched that a little; but perhaps not. He ought to speak truth, and only that, as we have recently conferred on him the title of D. D., and, you know, Doctors of Divinity never lie.

Our meetings, during the two weeks last past, have, for the most part, been well attended, sometimes crowded. Everywhere, the common people have heard us gladly; and I am charitable enough to think that the *uncommon* people would hear us gladly, but for their knowledge of the fact that our success must inevitably compass their defeat. The farther we get away from the influence of Steeple-houses, Court-Houses, and first class Hotels, the nearer we come to the hearts of the people. If we can so far tear away the rubbish as to stand in the immediate presence of their humanity and their consciences, our success is certain. Oh! the mighty power of truth! who can withstand it? Oh, the Omnipotence of Love—the earnest pleadings of affection! Who can resist their appeals? Our mission is one of love—love not only to the slave, but to the slaveowner and his guilty associates. If, at any time, we *seem* to be their enemies, it is because they do not understand that the *wounds* of a friend are faithful, while the *kisses* of an enemy are deceitful. If we probe the guilty hearts of this people, with the lance of truth, it is only to let out the corruption that is eating out the life of their souls. If we wound, we wound to heal. "The same hand that strikes the blow will heal the wound." One of the signs of progress is, that, while the opposition was once direct and to the point, it is now (what there is of it) altogether indefinite and equivocal. It everlastingly wastes its fire upon positions occupied only by its own men of straw, and attempts to defend positions not occupied by itself. For instance, Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, Universalists, &c., proclaim against infidelity, with all its untold horrors, and defend the positions of those religious Societies who have dissolved their Ecclesiastical connection with Slavery. Hunker Whigs and Democrats cry out against political Atheism, and defend Free Soilism. Free Soilers read us a letter against anarchy and confusion, and defend Liberty Partyism. None of them dare to meet us on the real merits of the question, for the reason, I suppose, that they have a kind of spiritual impression that the foundation of our house is the great Rock of Truth, while that of theirs is the fleeting sand of Error.

I am now at the house of Mr. Selby, where I am made to feel as much at home as my absence from the bosom of my own dear family will allow. We purpose spending a week or so in this and adjacent towns, and then turn our faces toward Ohio. You shall hear from us occasionally, if you desire it.

Our cause has an earnest and able advocate in the person of my colleague, Mr. Selby. He is a man of *more* than fair talent, and is well posted on all matters pertaining to the rights of humanity, as well as in reference to the encroachments of the Slave Power, and proves withal, thus far, to be (to me) a very agreeable travelling companion.

I have not seen a number of the *Standard* since I have been in this State. The friends here, generally, think they ought to patronize the *Bugle*, which is all right, as far as it goes. But I think some of them, at least, ought to *extend* their patronage to the *Standard* and *Liberator*, and *Freeman*. Every full-grown man ought, if his purse will allow, to have a copy of each sent to his address, and then compel his neighbours to read them, free of cost. In this way they would soon greatly extend their circulation. I have written you for some sample numbers; presume they are on the way.

As ever, yours, for a world-wide humanity,

J. H. PHILLEO.

SUMMARY.

Mr. McLane, of Maryland is appointed Commissioner to China.

—Judge Washburn has accepted the nomination by the Whig party as their candidate for Governor of Massachusetts.

—A Woman's Rights meeting was held at Cincinnati, on the evening of the 15th. Lucy Stone and Mrs Mrs. Lydia Jenkins spoke eloquently.

—Richard Hildreth in his "*Theory of Politics*" says, that "there were more ideas in the head of Thomas Jefferson alone, than in all Virginia at this moment."

—The Cleveland *Plaindealer* says that Mrs. Emma R. Coe has been pursuing a course of legal studies, for the purpose of qualifying herself for the practice of that profession.

—Jenny Lind.—Madame Jenny Lind will next season visit England to give concerts. Benedict the composer, has gone to see her at Dresden, and to stand godfather to her son.

—A gentleman speaking of Cincinnati, says its most appropriate name would be the Hamburg of America. "Yes," replied another, "I think it will be the *meat*-ropolis of the United States."

—SUSPICIOUS.—While everybody is assuring everybody else that he is neck and heels for the Fugitive Law, everybody is accusing everybody else of a determination to disregard it.—*Post.*

—H. H. Robinson, editor of the *Cincinnati Enquirer*, has instituted a suit laying datasges at $20,000, against Gen. S. F. Cary, the notorious temperance declaimer, for slander issued through the Ohio Organ.

—ABBOTT LAWRENCE.—Abbott Lawrence has announced his intention of giving $50,000 to the Lawrence Scientific School at Cambridge, in addition to the same amount he gave eight years ago, to the same object.

—PERILS OF SLAVEHOLDING.—Some negroes belonging to a bachelor gentleman not far from Paulding, Miss., amused themselves by blowing him up one night last week with a keg of gunpowder. He was projected through the roof, and fatally burnt.

—NOT ASHAMED TO OWN IT.—The most striking case of moral turpitude is related by the *Lantern*. One of the prisoners recently convicted, and being conveyed to Sing Sing, said his brother was a New York alderman, and *he wasn't ashamed to own it.*

—A coloured man at Detroit has been taken to the woods and whipped nearly to death by the coloured people of that city—they suspecting him to be a spy upon the coloured fugitives. He represented himself as one. The matter has been subjected to a legal investigation.

—HARVARD COLLEGE.—The catalogue of Harvard College just issued by John Bartlett, Cambridge, gives an aggregate in that Institution of 700 students, of whom 329 are under-graduates, and 371 professional students and resident graduates. The officers of instruction and government comprise 41 persons, actually engaged in College duties. The expenses of an undergraduate for a year, included in the College bills, amount to $224.

—Hon. Edward A. Hannegan, who it will be recollected killed a brother in law in a fit of delirium tremens, has determined to recover his past misfortunes by becoming an earnest Temperance Reformer. At a recent camp meeting, he declared himself ready to vote for the Maine Law, in the absence of any thing better, but expressed his belief that nothing short of a total extirpation of the article from the face of the earth would effect the desired object.

—SLAVE STAMPEDE.—The slaves in Mason County, says the *Parkersburg Gazette*, are becoming migratory in their habits. Within the last fortnight, eight have made their escape to parts unknown—being the property of Messrs. Beale, Bateman, Capeheart and Mrs. Lewis. We presume owners in Mason are to share the fate of slaveholders in this vicinity—have their property wrested from them without remedy or redress. —*Wheeling (Va.) Times*, 20th.

—DEFEAT OF THE NEW CONSTITUTION IN DELAWARE.—The people of Delaware voted to reject, by a large majority, the form of Constitution recently prepared for that State by a Convention elected for that purpose. The principle objections urged against the new Constitution are, that the judiciary system which it proposed is imperfect, and that it afforded no safeguard against illegal voting by providing for a pre-assessment of voters. The question upon its acceptance seems to have been decided irrespective of party considerations.

—THE FREEMAN CASE.—Ellington, the infamous operator in the Freeman—Indianapolis—slave case, has had to pay all costs of the suit, and now, to get rid of the clutches of the law, he offers Freeman $1,600, "to be let go clear," which Freeman's counsel decline. Screw up Ellington, say we, to the last extremity of the law, and let him feel keenly its sharp lashes and smarts, for imprisoning Freeman for three months, and making him pay $8 a day for keeping himself thus imprisoned securely.—*Western Christain Advocate.*

—LECTURERS.—We are informed that Miss Lucy Stone has prepared a Lecture for Lyceums on "Ann Hutchinson," and that the Rev. Antoinette L. Brown has prepared one, with the same end, on "The Old and New."

Among the Lecturers for this winter may be also included Rev. W. H. Channing, of Rochester, N. Y., who has prepared two lectures—either or both of which he will be ready to deliver, at any place easily accessible from Rochester. The first is on "Nature and History," the second on "Woman's Position and Prospects."—*Tribune.*

—LIBRARY FOR COLOURED MEN.—The coloured men of this city have organized a Library Association and Reading Room. They deem this necessary, as they are denied access to those already established. As there are many young men among them capable of appreciating and desiring the establishment of such an Association, they should be encouraged. At a late meeting of the Association, Messrs. J. H. Perkins, C. A. Rogers, Horace Morris, J. I. Gaines, Levin Brown, and R. G. Ball, were appointed a committee to receive donations of books, maps, money, &c.—*Cincinnati Times.*

—SAWING WOOD BY STEAM.—Two young men of our city, have constructed a boiler and steam engine on the same principle as the steam fire engine, which they can wheel about from one part of the city to the other, and when they receive a job to saw wood, can raise steam in about *ten* minutes, adjust their circular saw in the meantime, and in half an hour cut a cord of wood in one or two pieces, as may be desired. The whole machinery does not weigh over five hundred pounds, and may be regarded as a neat improvement and a saving of much manual labour.—*Cincinnati Atlas, Oct.* 15.

—ANOTHER LECTURER.—We have the pleasure of saying that Dr. C. G. Parsons, of Windham, has taken the field in behalf of the cause of freedom, under arrangements with the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, from which he will in part be sustained.

He has spent much of the last year at the South, and has collected much valuable knowledge of Southern society in its relations to Slavery, which the whole country ought to know.—*Portland Inquirer.*

—JENNY LIND POTATOES.—Mr. Charles Wesson, at Worcester, Mass., harvested a fine crop of potatoes last week. As an evidence of the prolific yield of his farm, two men and three boys dug seventy bushels in a single half day last week, and such potatoes as they exhibited have never been excelled in any of the qualities that are regarded as most valuable. The potato referred to, is known as the Princeton Jenny Lind, a new variety; and what is particularly worthy of note in connection with its uniform superiority of development, there is not in the whole crop the slightest indication of the malady which has proved so destructive to other varieties. The introduction of this potato, therefore, is a matter of importance to farmers and all others.

—PECCAVI.—The judgment of your New York *Observer* in a certain case has been confirmed by the very highest authority. Here is the sentence To hear and obey!

"A letter from Rome of the second ult. states that on the previous day the reading committee of the Holy Inquisition sat in judgment upon various works, and 'condemned Uncle Tom's Cabin' as a *damnable and pernicious work.* The Italian version so condemned is designated in the sentence, "Il tugurio dello Zio Tom, Romanzo Americano, di Miss Enrichetta Beecher Stowe.'"—AGRICOLA.—*Eng. cor. Independent.*

—TOMITUDE.—A Natchez paper speaks rather disconsolately of the morbid taste of the people. It says:

"Mrs. Stowe makes from fifty to one hundred thousand dollars by Uncle Tom's Cabin, the vilest and unblushing libel ever published on the South and her institutions; and has so won upon the people of England, that she is now the guest of royalty and nobility in that pharisaical country. No small portion of this money was made by sales of her book in the Slave States.

"Mr. Fletcher has written the ablest, most learned, and critical defence of Slavery which ever appeared in print, and it will bring the publisher in debt; while the 'Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin,' which has just arrived, is going off rapidly."

—SHADRACK.—We called on Shadrack at Montreal. He is on Notre Dame street, not far south of the church. He has neat eating-rooms—is doing a good business—is respected for industry and integrity—has a smart wife and fine baby—and provides as good food as we found anywhere. His sign reads:

SHADRACK.
UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

He is "happy and contented," and has no idea of trying Slavery again. He remembers his escape from republican fangs with deep gratitude to his deliverers, while he stands as a witness of our shame.—*Portland Inquirer.*

—WOMEN VOTING.—The temperance women of Randolph, Portage Co. Ohio, indignant at being denied the right of voting upon the Liquor question, got up an election on their own book, and on turning up the ballot-box at night, the result was duly declared, as follows:

At an election held at the centre of Randolph by the Ladies on the 11th day of October 1853, we do hereby certify that the whole number of votes polled at said election was fifty-seven, and that "Maine Law" had fifty-seven votes, and Anti-Maine Law had —— votes.

CYNTHIA M. PRICE,
SOPHRONIA C. SMALLEY,
COMFORT HARMON, } Judges.

E. ANTOINETTE MERIAM,
SOPHRONIA C. SMALLEY, } Clerks.

—A MAINE LAW FACT.—An incident occurred at the Second Ward polls yesterday, which is worth narrating. An otherwise respectable looking individual, in a state of partial intoxication, approached the polls and demanded a Maine Law ticket. A bystander generously placed in his hand a Democratic ticket, whereupon the victim of temptation, after glancing at it for a moment, cast it from him, exclaiming, "I want to vote the Maine Law ticket; I want them to stop selling liquor; if they did not sell liquor I would not be drunk; but I can't help it!" He grasped the Maine Law ticket, and placed it in the box, and added, "I hope the Law will be passed." A number of persons were afterward heard to declare that they were induced to vote for the Maine Law by the feeling appeal of this poor inebriate.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

—It is authoritatively stated (says the *Tribune*) by one of our cotemporaries, that the founder and proprietor of The Satanic Press, is anxious to sell out that establishment and seek "fresh fields and pastures new" either in Philadelphia or Boston, where he is not so well known, nor so much the object of universal disesteem as here. In either of these places, there is supposed to be a chance for him to build up a journal, while here he can do nothing but assist at the gradual decay of that with which his name and nature have so long been identified. For it is affirmed by well informed parties that the *Herald* is declining in circulation and profits, and there is no reason to doubt that its influence—which it has steadily exerted to corrupt and demoralize the public mind—is sinking towards its proper nullity. Under such circumstances it is only natural that the head manager of The Satanic should think of going away. We congratulate New York on the prospect, and would hope that the individual in question might not only remove but reform, and begin new habits in his new locality.

—The St. Johns *New Brunswicker* of the 18th, has a report that a Federal Union of the British North American Colonies is contemplated, and that measures for completing the Union will be submitted to the several Colonies at no very distant day. It is added that Lord Elgin's visit to England is connected with the contemplated movement. Quebec will be proposed as the seat of General Government. Each Colony will retain its local Legislature and manage its own affairs very much as at present, but a Colonial Parliament composed of members from each Province will meet at Quebec, to pass such laws as may be required for the general guidance of the Confederation. The report suggested, that a Viceroy will probably be appointed to preside over the United Colonies of British North America, with whom the Imperial Government will alone hold correspondence, and that each Colony may therefore expect to choose its own Governor.

—AN UNGRATEFUL WORLD.—Miss Frederika Bremer, whose novels are the delight of all who read them, and who enjoys the highest social position in Sweden, did not, when travelling in this country, fall in love with the slave-pens of Richmond, Virginia; on the contrary, she describes them in her late book of travels, as she saw them, in no harsh spirit, but with truthfulness and kindness; whereupon the Richmond *Enquirer* berates her in the severest terms, and accuses her of ingratitude. But wherein the ingratitude consists, we cannot divine. The writer adds:

"We trust that this new instance of ingratitude and breach of courtesy, on the part of 'distinguished foreigners,' will put our people more on their guard. Abolitionists cannot do justice—cannot present facts truly; they always colour through their own jaundiced vision."

Well, if our Virginia friends would avoid these breaches of courtesy, they must remove beyond the bounds of civilization, or, like the Japanese, hold no intercourse with outside barbarians.—*New York Evening Post.*

—The Petersburg *Democrat* tells a story of a little boy of that city, who, having recently lost his father, found himself debarred thereby from attending school as formerly, and, in the fulness of his faith, he determined to seek the wherewithal, at that footstool to which he had doubtless been taught to look for other and higher blessings. In the simplicity of his heart he sat down and gravely wrote a letter to his Redeemer, thinking, perhaps, that so formal a mode of preferring his requests would meet with greater attention. What was the surprise of the postmaster, William N. Friend, Esq., on discovering among the contents of his letter-box, one morning lately, a missive directed to "Jesus Christ!" Opening it, he read the story of the boy's wants, and with a noble kindness which we are not selfish enough to deprive our readers of the pleasure or profit of hearing, he deposited in the envelope the amount required and directed it to the young supplicant.

—A BUMPER AT MEETING.—A few days since, two long separated friends met in our city. After the first hearty greeting, they concluded to compare notes more deliberately over glasses of brandy and water. For this purpose they stepped into a semi-druggist shop near by, and called for the desired beverage. The apothecary or bar-keeper (we know not by what appellation to designate the individual until it be decided whether drinks or drugs predominate) placed a bottle of the supposed liquor before our new met friends, and they proceeded to help themselves to a quantity, proportioned to their individual capacity. The younger of the two friends, in whose throat the dust and cobwebs of a tiresome journey had collected, eagerly quaffed the sparkling nectar. The elder had scarcely moistened his lips when a cough lurking in the vicinity of the glottis suddenly expelled the fluid. But what mean these appearances of consternation? Why does the elder look fixedly at the undrained cup, and the younger, with both hands on the pit of his stomach, plant his wild optics full upon the man of drugs? With one voice, and most unequivocally, they answered us, "Paregoric!" It was even so; the *stimulant* had changed places with the *anodyne* upon the shelf, and hence the accident. Our elder friend for the first time recognised the value of a chronic cough; while the younger resorted to a physician, Dr. Field, who relieved him of *four ounces* of paregoric. The next day he resumed his journey a thorough Temperance man.—*Bangor Mercury.*

—LITTLE EVA.—This exceedingly pretty part in the drama of Uncle Tom's Cabin, which has been performed for almost a hundred nights at the National Theatre in this City, is executed by Cordelia Howard, whose father is proprietor of the Troy Museum, where she was trained to the stage. She was born in Providence, R. I., in the spring of 1848; hence it must be admitted that she is somewhat of a prodigy for one so young. We have no fault to find with any of the other characters, and intend no reflection upon them when we say that this little girl is the life and soul of the play. She is not Cordelia Howard on the stage; she is "Little Eva," in life and death. No one can see her in this part without loving her, and feeling that his own nature is improved after witnessing her performance of the character. We learn that she will sing a new song next week, composed by her father, who is also the author of "Little Eva in Heaven," and the hymn sung by Uncle Tom. The trait we mentioned last week in her character is a noble one, devoting a dollar of her salary every night to the relief of the poor little girls of Mr. Pease's school.—*Tribune.*

—DESPERATE FIGHT WITH FUGITIVE SLAVES IN CARROLL COUNTY, MD.—We learn from the Westminster (Md.) *Democrat* that, a few days ago, four runaway slaves, believed to be from Harper's Ferry, Va., were found concealed in a barn at Taneytown, and that on Mr. James Burke, constable, with a posse, attempting to seize one of them, he fired a double-barrelled pistol at them, but, fortunately, Mr. B. was very close to him, and escaped being killed by knocking his arm to one side, the load passing to the right side of his head and severely burning his face. A desperate fight then commenced, in which all the blacks participated, but, there being about double the number of whites, the slaves were at length taken. The blacks were all armed with pistols and dirk knives, but could not use anything but their pistols. It is said they (the slaves) fired six or eight times. There were three white men shot besides Mr. Burke—one in the breast, one in the leg, and one in the arm—none of which are thought to be dangerous. Two of the slaves were shot, one in the left arm, which is very severe, and one alongside of the head. Three of them were brought to Westminster and secured in jail, and the one that was shot in the arm kept in Taneytown in charge of a physician, who dressed the wound. The wound is very severe, as he received the contents of one barrel of a double-barrel gun, the whole load entering his arm just above the elbow.

—A QUEER FUNERAL.—A correspondent of the *Norwich* (Conn.) *Examiner* writes:

"Between fifteen and twenty slaves commenced a stampede from one of the southern States not long since, and arrived safely in a city of the West, which is somewhat famous as a gateway out of the house of bondage, when, to their utter consternation, they found that their movements had been anticipated, and every avenue leading from the city was watched day and night for their apprehension. What was to be done? It was hard to think of going back. Scouts reported that it was impossible to elude the vigilance of a well-paid, numerous and unscrupulous police, which was surrounding the city as a body-guard. Those who think coloured people do not know enough to take care of themselves would have given their case up as hopless. But not so they. Thinking that even a hireling slave-catcher would suffer a funeral procession to pass unmolested upon the public road, a number of carriages were hired, coffin and hearse also procured, and on a summer's afternoon, the careless, passing throng saw, as they supposed, a coloured funeral procession slowly winding its way out of the city. The cortege attracted little attention. Quietly and without interruption it passed several miles beyond the town, where wagons were in waiting. Hearse and carriages were then dismissed, and near a score of the happy children of this model repub'a (!) went rattling along, under the friendly cover of night, as fast as possible, toward Victoria's cold domains!"

—A FUGITIVE SLAVE CASE IN ST. LOUIS.—We mentioned that a negro man had been arrested and lodged in the calaboose on the charge of being an absconding slave. We understand the following to be the facts of the case: Six years ago, three negroes, brothers, named James, Edwin, and Charles Edwards, ran away from their owners, Buchanan, White & Co., merchants, of New Orleans. They repaired to Ohio and there separated. One of them believing that he had effected a change for the worse in his condition, soon returned of his own free will to his masters. The others remained abroad, carefully concealing their abiding places. Lately Mr. Lathrop, attorney, for Mr. Carroll, White & Co.—the successors of the old firm—learned that another of the fugitives was employed as barber on the steamer Banner State. On that boat's return from a trip to the Missouri river, Mr. Carroll proceeded to have the negro arrested under the fugitive slave act, and having had a preliminary hearing before United States Commissioner Benj. F. Hickman, incarcerated his prisoner in the calaboose. A writ of habeas corpus was threatened by some lawyers employed or to be employed by the prisoner, on which he was quietly removed to Carondelet on Wednesday, but was brought back to this city yesterday, when a second hearing was heard before the Commissioner. Both parties then asked for a continuance of the case—the prosecutor to obtain evidence from New Orleans, which he says will establish his claim beyond all further shadow of doubt, and the defendant to receive proof from Ohio that he is not the slave for which, Mr. Lathrop mistakes him. The court granted a continuance of twenty days, and the negro was remanded to the County jail.—*St. Louis Democrat, Sept*, 20.

—"If you wish to know whether a clergyman is really good, don't consult his congregation, but his servant girl. If a man has the devil in him, there is nothing that will so promptly bring it out as a badly cooked surloin.—It is not the pulpit that tries a man's piety, but his kitchen range."

We clip the following from a country paper. And we have observed of late that country papers often contain good things—copied from their city exchanges. The above, however, must be considered indigenous, for it might be deemed to be lacking in urban refinement. But there is a depth of truth in it. Reformers, philanthropists, missionaries, foreign and domestic, should heed it. Wise men have written great tomes on the mutual reactions of mind and body. It is every-day experience that the stomach is as much of a motor as the brain: that our affections jump with our appetite, as well as with our heart-likings: that trifles light as air try our temper more than great bereavements: that a corn, a tooth-ache, over-done beef or under-done pie-crust, will raise an angry spirit like her of Endor. It's easy to be good and kind, and fat and rosy, when you have plenty of money; but just reduce yourself to the starving point, and you want bread, not benedictions—steaks rather than sermons—provender before prayers. What mock charity to put of the needy with a "God help you!" when it's your business to help them to something to eat. Give the gastric juice in their system something to act upon, and then talk to them afterwards about vital godliness. There is more real religion in a barrel of flour or ton of coal, than many church-goers are wont to imagine; and we recommend to the pious a consideration of this during the inclemency of the coming season. There is grace in a pitcher of warm soup, and faith even in cast-off clothing. —*Phil. Register.*

—A BOSTON SLAVE UNWILLING TO BE FREED.—Yesterday, on the representations of sundry persons, that a coloured female, a slave, was living with a family from the South, at a house at the North End, and was restrained of her liberty, Judge Metcalf issued a writ of habeas corpus to bring the woman before him, and ascertain the facts of the case. The writ was placed in the hands of Deputy Sheriff Baker, who, accompanied by Capt. Gains W. Allen, proceeded to the residence of Mr. Francis Shelden, in Phipps-place, where it was alleged that the woman was kept in durance. It appears that Mrs. McLanathan, who is the sister of Mr. Shelden, reached this city on the 26th of March, with her children and the woman in question, who was their nurse. About a week since, Col. McLonathan joined them.

The deposition upon which the writ was based was signed by Robert H. Morris (coloured), Attorney-at-Law, and sets forth that he is informed and fully believes that a woman named Ann, is imprisoned and restrained of her liberty, at house No. 8 Phipps-place, by Francis Shelden, and that the cause of said restraint and imprisonment is that he may send her out of the State to New Orleans, to be held as a slave by a person named McLanathan. He further alleged that he had received an unsigned letter, stating that the said Ann desired to stay here, but did not know how to accomplish it; and that he fully believes the said Ann desires to remain in Boston; and that a person went to the house in Phipps-place to see her, but was not allowed to.

The alleged slave showed considerable terror at the thought of going to the Court, but finally got into a carriage with her master and the officers, and was taken before Judge Metcalf. It was stated by the master that she was free to go, and was so informed when she came North. Judge Metcalf then took the slave, whose name is Ann, into another room, where she would be unrestrained by the presence of her master, informed her of her rights, and became satisfied from her answers to his questions, that she was desirous of remaining with her master and mistress, having become much attached to their children, of whom she has the charge. He, therefore, dismissed the writ, there being no reason to believe that she was restrained in her liberty.

The following was the decision of the Court, as endorsed on the writ:

It appearing, on examination of the within-named Ann, that she has never been under the restraint of the within-named Sheiden, nor any one else, and did not desire this writ, nor knew that it was issued until the officer took her to be brought into Court, and no evidence to the contrary being offered, it is ordered by the Court that the said Ann be discharged. By the Court.

Oct. 18, 1853. GEORGE C. WILDE, Clerk.

MR. MCLANATHAN states that the girl Ann is about 20 years of age; that he purchased her in Virginia for about a thousand dollars, a number of years ago; that since that time she has been a nurse in his family, and by great care and attention has brought up one of his children of delicate health; that he feels himself under great obligations to her for what she has done, and has signed a document by which she never can be sold as a slave; that she has at various times been offered her liberty, but has refused to receive it; and that she has never been in the least restrained, but since her arrival here has been allowed to visit at Lowell, Billerica, Chelsea, and other places.—*Boston Trav.*

MARRIED.

LIPPINCOTT—CLARKE.—On Monday evening, Oct. 17, at New Brighton, Pa., in Christ Church, by the Rev. Mr. Taylor, Mr. Leander K. Lippincott, of Philadelphia, to Miss Sarah J. Clarke (Grace Greenwood).

PROSPECTUS
OF THE
Weekly Philadelphia Register,
A FAMILY NEWSPAPER,
PRINTED ON A DOUBLE SHEET, IN CLEAR, NEW TYPE, AND DESIGNED FOR COUNTRY CIRCULATION.

"Independent on all subjects, Neutral on none."

THE literary weeklies of this city are of acknowledged excellence, and enjoy a circulation unequalled in the annals of the hebdomadal press. The Weekly Register is not designed to compete with or take the place of any of them, but rather to occupy a space left vacant up to the present time.

The fundamental principle of the Register is the recognition of the law of Progress. In acting upon it, the editor will seek to maintain a steady comparison of the actual with the possible. His conviction is, that attempts at organic changes should be animated by a lofty ideal, but modified in practice by the conditions of the present. The most salutary and permanent reforms are those which, while embodying the wisdom of the time, yet sustain such a relation to the moral and intellectual condition of the people, as to insure their support.

Founded on the principle of Practicable Progress, the Weekly Register will be a trustworthy and comprehensive chronicler of the events of the times. Each number will contain a summary of the latest news by the foreign and domestic exchanges; editorials on the topic or topics of the day; critical articles on new works and objects of art; an article on the money and stock market; full statements of the trade, arts, manufactures, and industrial resources generally of Pennsylvania, with reports of important meetings, trials, judicial decisions, and arrests; news by telegraph from the large cities in the United States; letters from New York, Paris, London, and other places, by correspondents, of whom several are already celebrities in the literary world; original poems by writers already known to the public, and a large variety of miscellaneous and literary matter. The attention of merchants is particularly requested to the fulness and accuracy of our commercial reports from New York.

While the Register is free from all party, sectarian or sectional bias, it will not hesitate to speak out on all the current topics of the day. Aiming to be a *newspaper*, in the most comprehensive sense of the word, it can neither seek topics nor avoid them. No subject will be given the go-by in its columns; whatever society does will be reflected there as faithfully as may be. No topic will be eluded or postponed, but manfully met. Having no hobby to ride, no measures to carry, no party expediences to consult, no clique to conciliate, the Register will have no interest in perverting or conceal

Miscellaneous Department.

A TIPPERARY DUEL.

Some time ago, a writer in *Blackwood's Magazine*, giving an account of the famous duel between O'Connell and D'Estene, incidentally alluded to a young man named Shaw who fell in a duel of peculiar malignity. The writer draws a moral from the fact but does not detail the narrative; the writer of the present sketch will give the narrative, and leave the reader, as best he can, to find the moral. The duel occurred when the writer was between child and boy; but as he was familiar with the neighbourhood, and as both the parties were connected with his family, the particulars were deeply impressed on his memory, and still retain their freshness on his mind. Shaw was not, as the article in Blackwood would give us to understand, the challenged person, and dragged into the contest; on the contrary, he was the challenger, and followed up his purpose with sanguinary tenacity. Neither was he so young or inexperienced as we might infer from that article, though doubtless he was fair and healthy looking as he is there represented. He was not in the mere dawn of manhood, yet he was not much beyond it; he was probably in the beginning of its blooming—its noon-tide prime; and though he was the challenger, he had received severe provocation.

Let us first acquaint ourselves with the respective combatants. Mr. Shaw was the son of a man who held a position of much respectability in society. He was of that class who used in Ireland to be called middle-men, a class whose members timidly claimed to be gentlemen, and had their claim but coldly met by a body so sensitively jealous of their rank as the Irish aristocracy. This aristocracy was, itself, an upstart one, many of its leaders having the origin of their families from the drummers and troopers of Cromwell and of William; but on that very account it was the more sensitive and the more jealous. Shaw's father, like all middle-men, had an income from lands which he held from others; and this income was such as enabled him to live among the gentry, and in a moderate way to maintain their style. He was also by marriage and by blood connected with them. Shaw, the individual with whom we are immediately concerned, was bred to the law, as an attorney, a distinction which in Ireland implies inferiority (*professionally*, but not *socially*), to a barrister or councillor. He was very popular; was acquiring extensive practice; he was the pride of his family, and was especially the delight of his aged parents.

Mr. Cooke, his opponent, was a much younger man, and the member of a family which stood within the recognised aristocracy of the country. A considerable estate at one time belonged to it; but the proprietors, like many other Irish proprietors, seemed each in his generation to be playing at a game which might be called "*Beggar my successor.*" Mr. Cooke's father found the property with many debts, and left it with more, until at the time of which we write its burthen was more than it could bear. The family, however, though decayed, had an imposing place in the district; it had *prestige* among the gentry, and reverence from the peasantry. A large manorial house in the midst of a noble park yet belonged to it; and though the images on the stone piers at the gate were broken, and all the windows in the house were not whole, there was around the residence and domain a certain lordly and gloomy air of dilapidated grandeur. We remember in our day, to have much admired the noseless Mercury on one pillar, and the maimed Apollo on the other; to our boyhood, on the margin of the Tipperary collieries, they were as fine as the Elgin marbles. But the magnificent oaks, and the hoary hawthorns, with which the park was shaded, we can think of still with admiring recollection. It was amidst these that Mr. Cooke was reared, and it was from amidst these that he went to the scene of bloody vengeance, in which in the fullness of life, a human brother was struck down. He was a younger son, and a numerous tribe of brothers and sisters with himself had claims on whatever fragment of the property yet remained. But though a joint inheritor of declining fortunes, his *rank* was that of decisive station.

We are minute in giving these particulars of the respective families, because so far as we can recollect, the difference in their social standing had some concern in the origin of the quarrel; a manifestation of cold superiority on one side, a sense of indignant pride on the other, embittered the progress of it; and a want of conscious equality on both sides made reconciliation, as it advanced, more and more difficult.

We will now state as well as memory serves us the origin of the conflict. The Cookes had a private tutor who had grown grey in their employment. He had taught them all; among them he had lived; he began with them when they were children; and when they were men and women he still was with them. Such as their fortunes were he shared; their abundance was his in their more prosperous times, and when adversity came it brought some of its evil to him as well as to them. They paid him punctually while they could, and when means ran short, they gave him such security as they had. They were affectionately attached to him, and he was always sure of a place at their board, and of shelter beneath their roof; in a word, their home, so long as they had one, was his home. They owed him £200 and for this they gave him a bond of some kind on their property. Here the trouble begins—and we are not quite sure of our memory; but we think that they considered themselves on friendly terms with Shaw and his family. This was enough at that time in Ireland to make any legal attack an act of enmity. Shaw came against them with an execution for their tutor's debt. Such conduct, simply and in itself, was wounding and most irritating; but further, they believed that the tutor would not have so moved in the matter of his own accord, and that his doing so was at the urgency of Shaw. The tutor, they regarded in some sense, as a father, and thus Shaw appeared to them not only as a personal foe, but as a disturber between kindred. Mr. Cooke, with whom we are here concerned, became the champion of his family. Whatever he may have considered his provocation, he did not show his sense of it with any regard to chivalry. Late on a certain evening when, possibly, he had been drinking freely, he went to the residence of Mr. Shaw. This was in a dark, dirty, colliery village, called Killinaule, where Mr. Shaw had his country office, and where he lived when not in Dublin. Cooke stood outside with two others, his cup-companions, we suppose, and sent in for Shaw. Shaw had no suspicion, and immediately came out. The three at once attacked him; but Shaw was a powerful man; he soon recovered from his surprise, and used his strength to such purpose, as to beat off his three assailants. But his proud nature could not brook the insult. He had received a *blow*, and he could not forgive it. Law was his profession, to that he would not appeal; it was the means by which he gained his livelihood, it was not the medicine by which he could heal his honour. The outward blow gave an inward wound; it rankled in his soul, and it could only be healed but by a remedy which would be final in vindicating his courage, or in depriving him of life. Mistaken philosophy! But let not minds at ease, judge the writhings of an excited spirit; all such logic is perfect when it is not wanted; when wanted, it is so much breath.

Shaw sent Cooke a challenge. Time and place were fixed—the weapons, pistols. Reconciliation seemed out of the question; no apology that Cooke would make or could was acceptable to Shaw. We believe that he rejected *all* apology. They made an attempt to fight in the next county, but friends were vigilant, and their attempt failed. The matter seemed then for the moment to drop; but those who had anxious interest in their hearts, and who understood Shaw, were aware that *he* had made no peace, and would not. He was the centre of a circle in which he was passionately beloved. The active Protestant clergyman of the parish was married to his sister, and no entreaty that affection could urge—no motive that religion could enforce—no eloquence, that a man at all times eloquent could use, availed, though now inspired with the grief of a brother and the zeal of a priest—not the whole combined changed in the least his will, or staggered in the least his purpose. He was gentle, he was kindly, he was calm—but he was fiercely firm. In business, he was orderly and industrious as usual; and, in his habits, as he always was, temperate and abstemious. And so weeks passed over.

In the meantime, how was it with Cooke? Shaw had the occupation of a regular profession; this filled his hours. Cooke had the idleness of an unemployed and unestated gentleman. Yet, if report spoke truly, Cooke had also that which filled *his* hours. Besides his drinking and his dinners, he was learning, so it was said, his duel exercise. An ample park separated him from the contiguity of dwellings, and without being disturbed or heard, he could at his ease pursue his pistol-drill. His master and teacher in this science was also his second. This master and teacher was of a species of creature, which, so far as we have ever read, infested only Ireland—which is now, it is to be hoped, as extinct there as wolves. Every neighbourhood of gentry used to have a hanger-on, who, without any visible means of subsistance, was always well-dressed, well-mounted, and who assumed an aristocratic rank, because he had wasted a fortune, or because his grandfather had wasted one. This itinerant libertine, on the ground of relationship or acquaintance, invited himself to people's houses; staid as long as it was agreeable to him—left when it was his convenience; and held his place in society by making himself useful or by making himself feared. He was commonly a fatal duelist; and to the graces of a jovial companion, he thus added the terror of a bravo. Brilliant, he might sometimes be outside, but in character he was worthless and unprincipled—a liar whom no one dared to impeach, a swindler whom no one dared to prosecute, a bully who caused even brave men to succumb. Without any honourable tie to life, he was reckless of it in himself, and indifferent to it in others; he sought indulgence for the day, and cared not for the morrow. He voted himself a cousin to every man who had good meat and good wine with which to stuff him, and if the man objected to his vote, he challenged and he shot him. His callous impudence was wealth, and he had all that he wanted on the capital of a brazen forehead—a clear eye, a hard heart, and a steady hand. An individual of this order was Cooke's visitor, the companion of his retirement, who during the interval disciplined him for the fight. He was a fellow of imperturable courage; his spirit was cool, and his aim was deadly. He had fought an indefinite number of duels—he had killed several of his opponents; and now that avoidance of him put him out of active service, he ceased to be a principal in these affairs and devoted his genius to superintendance of them and management.

He put Cooke into training, and daily—such we say was the report—he and Cooke fired in the garden at the figure of a man. Still the chances were thought to be against Cooke. He was youthful; he was untried; he wanted steadiness; and there was no strong faith in his courage. Shaw was mature; his temper was calm; he had already fought, and either gave or received a wound, we forget which, and there was the most perfect reliance on his valour. The common belief was that Cooke would be killed.

Weeks, as we have said, passed away; Shaw, Cooke, and others, were one day missed from the neighbourhood. Friends were alarmed, and justice was in pursuit. The pursuit was hot, and the parties were more than once disturbed; but at last, by some torn or evasion, they escaped from the guardians of the peace. In two carriages they were slowly moving along towards home. They were ascending a rising ground in the county of Kilkenny, near to the border of Tipperary; the day was about to close; the sun was almost setting. We believe they had reached the summit of the hill, and were nigh or on the bound of the joining counties. The counties of Kilkenny and Tipperary are two of the finest districts in Ireland; teeming in all parts with fertility, and in many parts radiant with beauty. Within the range of vision, where these hostile parties were now moving, the calm horizon encircled a landscape, rich with fruits of plenty, and beaming with smiles of loveliness; and the mild evening sun was shining over it as with the peace of heaven. Some person from one of the carriages noticed here a small and secluded meadow. He remarked that this would be as convenient a spot as any they could find to bring matters to a decision. The rest assented and all got out. The ground was chosen; seven paces were measured; the antagonists in silence took their places; there they stood, in the presence of Fate, shrouded in the awful mystery of death. Cooke was of middle size, and stout; he was gaily and fashionably dressed. Shaw was tall and of stately look; he was dressed entirely in black, except one gleam of white from the collar of his shirt slightly above his stock; in taking his position even this he turned down. The signal agreed on, was given, and at the first fire Shaw fell. He never spoke. He was carried home some miles in fearful suffering. The ball struck him almost through the ribbon of his hat, and entered the brain, about the slope of the forehead. Accusations of foul play were made, but they were not true. The ball, it was said, was split, and thus put into the pistol. But the appearance which the extracted ball had was occasioned by the edge of the skull against which it was cut in striking. And thus was this young man brought low. He lingered for two or three days in torture; no word was on his mouth to tell his pangs, but ever and anon the low groan struggled from his breast, and his hand went up to the seat of his agony. We meddle not with the grief of his kindred; it was then too deep for tears, and with them who felt it deepest, it has long since gone to the silence, in which, after terrific hours, his anguish found repose. Even those who were not his kindred manifested impassioned sorrow. Neighbours wept aloud for him in the street. His clerk lay on his bed, and could not be severed from him while he breathed—kissed his lips fondly as those of a brother, and bathed his face with tears. His nurse who loved him as her child, gave forth such lamentation as the despair of the Irish heart alone can feel, and such only as the pathos of the Irish language can express. And so he went down to his early and bloody grave.

His antagonist was not ill-natured; and this was a hard and heavy memory for him to carry into life. It was a load and pressure, of which, as we were given to understand, he could not rid himself. We saw him some six years after at a watering place; his face was flushed, but it was not with the glow of health, for his step was unsteady, and his eye was dull. His vest was of brilliant hues, but even at that time, when we did not think so gravely as we have since thought, we fancied that the vest was brighter than the heart it covered.

We have hardly kept our word as to the moral; but we have not given it all, some yet remains for the reader, if his philosophy can find it out.—*Rev. Henry Giles, in the Augusta Age.*

*HALLUCINATIONS.**

The author starts with the definition of Hallucination as the perception of the sensible signs of an idea. He then treats of hallucinations under all the various circumstances they may exist—of hallucinations in mental and bodily disease; in drunkenness, and under the influence of narcotics, opium, and other drugs; in dreams, nightmare, somnambula, and magnetism.

Hallucinations consistent with reason are subdivided into those corrected and those *not* corrected by the understanding. Of the former we have the following interesting illustration, in which the hallucination is not only corrected by the understanding, but summoned at will.

TALMA AND HIS SPECTRES.

"Hayacinth Langlois, a celebrated artist of the city of Rouen, intimately acquainted with Talma, related that this great artist had confided to him the fact that, when he trod the stage, he could, by the force of his will, make all the brilliant dresses of his numerous audience disappear, and substitute skeletons for the living characters. When his imagination had thus filled the theatre with these singular spectators, his emotions were such as to give to his play a force which produced the most striking effects."

Of the second kind, hallucinations not corrected by the understanding, though consistent with reason, the author gives the following to illustrate facts:

NAPOLEON AND HIS STAR.

"In 1806, General Rapp, on his return from the siege of Dantzic, desiring to speak with the Emperor, entered the cabinet unannounced. He found him in so deep a reverie that his entrance was unperceived. The general, finding him remain immovable, intentionally made a noise. Napoleon then recovered, and, seizing Rapp by the arm, said to him, pointing to the ceiling, 'look up there!' The general made no reply; but the question being repeated, he answered that he saw nothing. 'What,' said the Emperor, 'do you not see it? It is my star; it is before you beaming;' and growing more animated, he continued, 'it has never deserted me; I see it on every great occurrence; it urges me onward, and is an unfailing omen of success.' M. Passy, who had this anecdote from Rapp himself, related it to M. Amédée Thierry, at the same time that he delivered his interesting communication relative to his investigation of the vision of Constantine (*Academie des Sciences Morales et Politique*, Saturday, April 4, 1846). I also heard it from him."

BERNADOTTE AND HIS WITCH.

"We will relate a fact that proves what an ascendency the marvellous had on the mind of the King of Sweden. He was desirous to settle, by the sword, the difficulties that Norway opposed to him, and to send his son Oscar at the head of an army to reduce the rebels, and bring them under his sway; but he was violently opposed by the Council of State. One day, after a violent discussion on the subject, he mounted his horse and galloped away from the capital. After a long ride, he reached the borders of a deep forest. Suddenly an old woman, strangely dressed, and with disordered hair, stood before him. 'What do you want?' roughly asked the king. The apparent sorceress replied, without being disconcerted: 'If Oscar fights in the war you meditate, he will not give the first blows but will receive them.' Bernadotte, struck with this apparition and these words, returned to his palace. On the following day, he entered the council, bearing on his countenance the traces of a long and agitating vigil. 'I have changed my mind,' said he; 'we will negotiate peace; but it must be on honourable terms.' Did those who knew the weak point in the mind of this great man work upon it to save the cause of justice, reason, and humanity? or, rather, is it not propable that the thoughts which pre-occupied him, and lighted up the brain (as constantly happens in dreams, and even in waking hours), appeared objectively before him, and the mental operation was accepted as a real occurrence? This explanation appears to us more admissible than that an old cheat should be found exactly on the spot where the caprice of the king conducted him."

HALLUCINATION OF THE GREAT.

"Thus Malebranche declared that he distinctly heard the voice of God within him. Descartes, after a long seclusion, was followed by an invisible person, who urged him to pursue his researches after truth.

"Byron imagined himself to be sometimes visited by a spectre; but he said it was owing to the over-excitability of his brain.

"The celebrated Dr. Johnson clearly heard his mother call Samuel. She was then living in a town at a great distance.

"Pope, who suffered much in his intestines, one day inquired of his physician what arm that was that appeared to come out from the wall.

"Goethe asserts that he one day saw the counterpart of himself coming towards him. (*Complete Works*, t. xxii., p. 83.) The German psychologists give the name of *Deuteroscopie* to this kind of illsion.

"Oliver Cromwell was stretched fatigued and sleepless on his bed. Suddenly the curtains opened, and a woman of gigantic size appeared, and told him that he would be the greatest man in England. The Puritan faith, and the ambition of Cromwell, might have suggested, during those troublous times of the kingdom, some still stronger idea; and who can say whether, had the phantom murmured these words in his ear, 'Thou wilt one day be king!' the protector would have refused the crown, as did Cæsar at the Luperculian feasts?"

The author tells an interesting story of Talleyrand, the inexhaustible source of anecdote and bon-mots, the scene of which is laid here in New York, on the Battery:

TALLEYRAND FOREWARNED.

"One day, in presence of the old minister, the conversation was directed to those instantaneous warnings which might be considered as communications from the invisible world with man; some one observed that it would be difficult to find any celebrated man, who, either in his own person or that of an intimate friend, could not attest some supernatural event of his life. The Prince remarked: 'I can never forget that I was once gifted, for a moment, with an extraordinary and inexplicable prescience, which was the means of saving my life. Without that sudden and mysterious inspiration, I should not be here to recount these curious details. I was intimately connected with one of my countrymen, M. B. We had always lived on the best terms, and in those stormy times, something more than friendship was needed to unite persons, when the expression of friendship needed almost a divine courage. I had no cause to doubt his affection. On the contrary, he had, on several occasions, given me the most devoted proofs of his attachment to my person and interests. We had together quitted France to take refuge in New York, and had hitherto lived in perfect harmony. Wishing to increase our little capital, I had freighted a ship, half shares with him, to try our fortune in the Indies. We were ready for our departure, but waited for a favourable wind with the greatest impatience. This state of uncertainty appeared to sour poor B. to an extraordinary degree. Incapable of remaining quiet, he roamed the city with a feverish activity, which, for the moment, excited my surprise, for he was always remarkable for his calmness and placidity. One day he entered the room, evidently under great excitement, although he used great efforts to restrain himself. I was writing letters to Europe. Leaning over my shoulder, he said, with a forced gaiety, 'Why do you lose time in writing those letters? They will never reach their destination. Come with me, and let us make the round of the battery. The wind may become favourable; perhaps we are nearer to our departure than we think!' The day was magnificent, although the wind was high; I allowed myself to be persuaded. B., as I afterwards recollected, showed extraordinary alacrity in closing my desk, arranging my papers, and offering my hat and cane, which I attributed to the need of incessant activity with which he had appeared overwhelmed ever since our forced departure. We threaded the well-peopled streets, and reached the battery. He had offered me his arm, and hurried on as if he were in haste to reach it. When we were on the grand esplanade, B. hastened still more, until we reached the edge. He spoke loudly and rapidly, and admired in energetic terms the beauties of the scene. Suddenly, he stopped, in the midst of his incoherent talk. I had disengaged my arm from his, and stood firmly before him. I fixed my eye upon him. He moved aside as if intimidated and ashamed. 'B.,' cried I, 'your intention is to kill me; you mean to throw me from this height into the sea! Deny it, monster, if you dare!' The insane man looked at me intently with his haggard eyes for a moment; but I was careful not to remove my looks from him, and his eyes fell. He muttered some incoherent words, and endeavoured to pass me, but I spread my arms and prevented him. Casting a wild look around, he threw himself on my neck and burst into tears. 'It is true, it is true, my friend! the thought has haunted me day and night like an infernal flame. It was for that I brought you here; see, you are not a foot from the precipice; another instant the deed would have been done!' The demon had abandoned him; his eyes were void of expression; a white foam covered his parched lips; the crisis had passed. I conducted him home. Some days of rest, bleeding, and dieting entirely cured him, and, what is the most singular circumstance of all, we never referred to the occurrence.'

"The prince was persuaded that, on that day, his destiny would have been decided, and he never spoke on the subject without the greatest emotion."

In illustration of another division of the author's book, the effect of narcotics in producing hullucinations, De Quincey is called in to bear his interesting testimony; and the French author, Mr. Theophile Gautier, thus records the effect of the Eastern drug, *Haschisch*, on himself:

THEOPHILE GAUTIER UNDER HASCHISCH.

"We had long heard," says this writer, "without giving much faith to it, of the wonderful effects produced by this substance. We were already acquainted with the hallucinations caused by smoking opium, but haschisch was only known to us by name.

"One of our companions, Dr. ———, who had travelled much in the East, and was a determined opium-eater, was the first to yield to its influence, having taken a much larger dose than the others; he saw the stars in his plate, and the firmament in the soup dish; then turning his face to the wall, talked to himself, and burst into fits of laughter, with eyes flashing in the highest state of glee. I felt perfectly calm until dinner was over, although the pupils of the eyes of my other friend began to sparkle strangely and acquire a most singular turquois blue tint. The table being cleared, I (still having my senses) arranged myself comfortably with cushions on a divan to await the ecstacy. In a few minutes a general lethargy overcame me. My body appeared to dissolve and become transparent. I saw the haschisch which I had eaten distinctly within me, under the form of an emerald, from which thousands of little sparks were omitted; my eyelashes lengthened indefinitely, twisting themselves like golden threads around little ivory wheels, which whirled about with inconceivable rapidity. Around me were figures and scrolls of all colours, arabesques, and flowery forms in endless variety, which I can only compare to the variations of the kaleidscope. I still occasionally saw my companions; but they appeared disfigured; half men, half plants; now, with the pensive air of the ibis, standing on one leg, and again as ostriches, flapping their wings, and wearing so strange an appearance that I shook with laughter in my corner; and, as if to join in the buffoonery of the scene, I commenced tossing up my cushions, catching them as they descended, and twisting them round with all the dexterity of an Indian juggler. One of the gentlemen addressed a discourse to me in *Italian*, which the haschisch by its extraordinary power delivered to me in *Spanish*. Questions and answers were almost rational, and touched on indifferent matters, such as the theatres and literature.

"The first stage drew towards its termination. After some minutes I recovered my calmness, without headache, or any of the symptoms which accompany the use of wine, and feeling very much astonished at what had passed. Another half hour had scarcely elapsed, when I again fell under the influence of the haschisch. The vision this time was more complicated and extraordinary. Millions of butterflies, whose wings rustled like fans, flew about in the midst of a confused kind of light. Gigantic flowers with crystal calyces, enormous hollyhocks, gold and silver lilies arose, and burst into flowers around me with a crackling sound like that of boquets of fireworks. My hearing was prodigiously developed; I heard the sound of colour—green, red blue, and yellow sounds struck me with perfect distinctness. A glass upset, the creaking of a chair, or a word spoken, however low, vibrated and resounded like the rolling of thunder; my own voice appeared so loud that I dared not speak for fear of throwing down the walls, or bursting like a bomb; more than five hundred clocks chimed the hour with their flute-like voices. Every object gave forth a note of the harmonica or Æolian harp. I swam in an ocean of sound, wherein some passages of the *Lucia* and *Barbiere* floated, like little islets of light. Never before had I bathed in such beatitude; I was so encircled by its waves, so transported from all things earthly, so lost to self—that odious, ever-present witness—that I comprehend for the first time what might be the existence of elementary spirits, and angels, and souls released from this mortal coil. I was as a sponge in the midst of the sea; every instant waves of happiness washed over me, entering and departing through the pores; for I had become permeable, and, even to the smallest capillary vessel, my whole being was filled with the colour of the fantastic medium in which I was plunged. Sounds, perfumes, and light reached me by multitudes of beams, delicate as hair, through which I heard the magnetic current pass.

"According to my calculation, this state must have lasted for *three hundred years*, for the sensations succeeded each other so numerously and powerfully, that the real appreciation of time was impossible. When the attack was over, I perceived that it had lasted a quarter of an hour.

"What is very curious in the intoxicating effect of the haschisch is, that it is not continuous; it comes and goes suddenly—raises you to heaven, and places you again on earth, without any gradual transition; like madness, too, it has its lucid intervals. A third attack, the last and strangest, terminated my oriental *soiree*. In this, my sight was doubled. Two images of each object were reflected on my retina, and produced a complete symmetry; but soon, the magic paste being entirely digested, acted with more power on my brain, and I became completely mad for the space of an hour. All kind of Fantagruelic dreams passed through my fancy; goat suckers, storks, striped geese, unicorns, griffins, nightmares, all the menagerie of monstrous dreams, trotted, jumped, flew, or glided through the room. There were horns terminating in foliage, webbed hands; whimsical beings, with the feet of the arm-chair for legs, and dial-plates for eye-balls; enormous noses, dancing the Cachucha, mounted on chickens' legs. For myself, I imagined I was the paroquet of the Queen of Sheba, and imitated, to the best of my ability, the voice and cries of that interesting bird. The visions became so grotesque that I was seized with a desire to sketch them, which I did in five minutes, with inconceivable rapidity, on the backs of letters, cards, or any piece of paper on which I could lay my hands. One of them is the portrait of Dr. ———, as he appeared to me seated at the piano, dressed as a Turk, with a sun painted on the back of his vest. The notes are represented escaping from the instrument in the form of guns and spirals capriciously intertwisted. Another sketch bears this inscription: 'An animal of hereafter.' It represents a living locomotive, with a swan's neck terminating in the jaw's of a serpent, whence issue jets of smoke, with two monstrous paws, composed of wheels and pulleys; each pair of paws has a pair of wings: and on the tail of the animal is seated the Mercury of the ancients, who is confessing himself to be conquered, notwithstanding his heels. Thanks to haschisch, I have painted from nature the portrait of a goblin. Even now, I fancy I hear them whining and mowing at night in my old beauffet."

The subject of hallucinations is thoroughly discussed in all its varieties, and we have it treated historically, philosophically, medically. The work is very complete, and, with al, from its wealth of illustration, full of exciting interest. Its anecdotes, stories, and illustrative facts are pleasantly presented, giving the book an attraction in common with Scott's "Demonology and Witchcraft," and Brewster's "Natural Magic."—*Literary World.*

* Hallucinations: or the Rationl History of Apparitions, Visions, Dreams, Ecstacy, Magnetism and Somnabulism, by A. Briere de Brismont. From the French. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Clakiston.

HUNTING FLIES.

There are two degrees in this art, viz., F. H. and F. C.—Fly Hunting and Fly Catching. The first is easy, but few can have a diploma for the last. I opened the door to let the warmth out of my oven-heated study, and in came a boistrous fly almost as big as a bee, and ten times as important. One would think him a courier before all the emperors on earth, or the chief of politicans about to utter a speech, or a Monsieur Jullien, lecturing his hundred instruments, each in his own tongue.

It was an annoyance; for when one has a little bit of an inspiration of his own, and is about to make a flourish on paper, he does not care to have himself burlesqued. Did you ever undertake to drive one fly out of a large room with a high ceiling? We took our broom and struck at the busy fellow, with only the effect of quickening his activity. Whereas, before, he buzzed in stately circuits, he now set about such a serious of nimble circuits, now near the floor, then, before we could detect him with our eye, up by the cealing; now by the door, then by the window, and giving out a sound like a wheel in a factory, driven round at a tremendous rate, until our anger changed to mirth, and the attempt at hitting him became ludicrous. We smote here and there; we beat the books, the wall, the carpet, the stove—everything but the fly. He seemed to be the only one that fully enjoyed himself. At length we sat down, hoping the busy impertinence would settle somewhere. So he did—right before our face, on the desk, and crept about with such a nimble, pert, business-like air, that one could not help thinking that he said, "Were you not looking for us, sir, just now? Is there anything that you particularly want? Can't we serve you?" and with that, undoubtedly unable to restrain the laughter that swelled his blue jacket, he bounced up and whirred and whirled, bounced and buzzed; bumped the window, and bizzed against the wall, and went through all the waltzes, polkas, schottishes that ever were conceived of—a perfect aerial quadrille.

Well. This is amusing enough on a small scale. But it is rather sad to see it on a large scale. New York has been after its corrupt and corrupting alderman for months past, swinging the broom of justice after them; smiting here and smiting there, but always hitting the place that the rogues had just left. And nobody is so happy, so fat, so nimble, so amiable and familiar with justice, as these amazing aldermen.

Methinks I see my example imitated, also, in the grandest style, by no less a broom-holder than the President of these United States. He shakes his broom, now at disunionists, now at free-soilers, and then at all who hate both of them. Indeed, his task is worse than mine; for he has flies to drive out and flies to drive in, and a part of the time it is very uncertain which is which. Lately several big flies have been buzzing in the Custom House, so that the President could get no peace even in Washington. And less of it since he has been flirting the broom than before.

Judge Hall, formerly a member of the Fillmore cabinet, appointed to the bench to execute Fillmore's posthumous vengeance on the Syracuse men who rescued Jerry, has had a very lively time with *his* broom. The handle does not seem to be long enough, or the judge is not quick enough, or something else is the matter. It is just our game over again. We hit the wall fast enough, and smote the reverend face of many an unsinning author, but not the fly. So Judge Hall has hit the government, and hit his own temper, knocked over the law two or three times, taken several resting spells, and waited for the game to settle somewhere within reach; given out a swounding blow, and hit his own knuckles; lost his temper again, and all the impartiality that was left. But never mind! He is after the flies yet.

Good Judge Hall, won't you come down to my study awhile, and practice a while on *my* fly? I think I could show you a trick or two that would help you somewhat in the hunt which you wage after *your* flies. And, it may be vanity, but I have a strong suspicion that I could tell you more about these very flies you are after, than you seem to know.

But, if you stand upon your dignity, and are determined to hit those naughty flies, let me advise you to try a little one. Put some government molasses on the desk of justice, or somewhere in a public place; let the flies lie down to lap it up, and when they are all filling themselves, let the broom come down like thunder on them; and then if you do not hit the Jerry flies, there is no doubt but you will kill others that deserve it full as much, or more.

We grant to Judge Hall the degree of F. H.: he must show more skill than he has yet before we issue the diploma of F. C.—*H. W. B. in the Independent.*

"Have we a Bourbon among us?"—A correspondent of *Frederick Douglass's Paper* thus puts this vexed question at rest—

We *have* Bourbons among us; Mr. Putnam you are answered: Dr. Hawkes and Eleazer Williams, stand aside, clear the ———kitchen, for our Bourbons, like one of yourselves, are coloured people? Our proofs are not wrapped up in wigwams, and Prince de Joinville, and wood cut resemblances—no, Sir! (Mr. Putnam we address, not Lewis H., at this time) our proofs are direct and circumstantial.

About the year 1775, among the officers of a gallant French regiment, stationed at the Cape, (now Cape Haytien) in St. Domingo, was the Comte Charles D'Artois, afterwards Charles X. of France. This young Prince formed a liasson with a beautiful quadroon, and M. Benjamin D'Artois was the consequence. The royal blood of France mingled with the African current.

This Monsr. Ben, as he is called, is now walking before my door, the "very spit" of Charles the Xth, in every lineament of his countenance. Charles, it will be recollected, had not the Bourbon features so well marked as some of his brothers; *but*—and here Walker on inter-marriages comes into Court—the children of Monsr. Ben, are purely, strictly, and undeniably Bourbon, in every feature, in figure, in carriage, and in character.

Monsr. Ben. is a jeweller by trade, is a quiet, easy old gentleman, and has bored the ears of all the pretty Franco African girls in our city, during the last half century. He witnessed and described vividly, the death by torture of Vincent Oje, the apostle and martyr of Haytian Liberty. Monsr. Ben. married after his emigration to the New York, and has some five sons and three daughters.

Emerson says "to-day is a king in disguise." Tom Benjamin, or as he signs his name, T. Benjamin D'Artois, the grandson of a King of France, stands some five feet six in height, is tremendously stout, and walks with a curvilinear movement of his arms—caused by a twenty years' practice in freezing ice-cream! Ye people of Gothum! Ye who, from 1815 to 1845, were wont to visit Cantoit's garden in Broadway, between Franklin and Leonard streets—who do you think made that exquisite ice-cream! Gentleman and ladies, it was a Bourbon! Only think of it; was not Emerson right? How many sipped that cream in utter ignorance of the stupendous fact, that the royal blood of France, the royal intellect of France, and, what is still better, the perspiration-royal of France, was actually distilled, or exerted in preparing it? It is a matter of profound reflection for our times and our country, in view of our glorious institutions and manifest destiny, that perhaps some American citizens have gone down to their graves ignorant of the fact, that the exquisite ice-cream they have enjoyed at Cantoit's was made by a Bourborn!

It may be objected, Mr. Editor, that my Bourbons are of *fitz* lineage; that the *bar sinister* (*anglice* "over the left") sullies there escutcheon. Softly, there, Dr. Hawkes; stop a moment, Mr. Putnam. Mons. Ben. was born in Hayti, and the Haytian laws makes all children born to a man, his legitimate heirs, whether in wedlock or out of wedlock. So we have Bourbons among us, thou great light of Episcopacy.

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

Ledru Rollin has purchased a patent for washing wool, so as to convert its grease into soap, and intends to become a soap-boiler at Bradford, Yorkshire, England.

—— Monument to Titian at Venice. There is a novelty in Venice this year, and that is, the monument that has been raised to Titian in the Church of Sta. Maria Gloriosa de Fiori, where he was buried. It was erected at the expense of Ferdinand, and is the joint production of Luigi Zandomenichi and Pietro Zandomenichi, his son.

—— During his visit to Boulogne, the Emperor presented the military medal to the gensdarme who arrested him in 1840. The Emperor, in presenting it, said to him: "I admire men who obey orders." A coast-guard who aimed his musket at the adventurer on the same occasion, was presented with 500 francs, by Napoleon's command.

——The following intimation (says a London paper) was posted on the door of a Church in Musselburgh a few Sundays ago:

"No sermon to-day
in North church
dis appoint of a Minister
Master dobbie cames
on sabbath folling."

——Madame de Stael was one night expatiating on the merits of the French language, and illustrating her meaning by the word "sentiment," which has no exact equivalent in English. Lord Palmerston answered her that we had a phrase which to a nicety expressed the "sentiment" of the French—namely, "'Tis all my eye and Betty Martin."

—— A Warning to Vegetarians.—One J. J. Daw—*alias*, we presume, Jack Jack Daw—has been up at Guildhall to profess himself a convert to the Jewish faith. "He is not insane," says the medical authority; "but is a vegetarian." The truth is, the cause of the poor man's conversion is simply this: he has lived upon roots only, and they have got into his head and taking great interest there, have become Hebrew ones.—*Punch.*

—— A Clergyman happening to pass a boy weeping bitterly, he halted and asked, "What is the matter, my little fellow?" The boy replied, "We could hardly get enough to eat before, and now there's another come!" "Hush thy mourning, and wipe off these tears," said the clergyman; "and remember that He never sends mouths without He sends victuals to put into them." "I know that," said the boy, "but then all the mouths come to our house and the victuals to your house."

——Monument to James Watt.—The Directors of the Watt Institution and Edinburgh School of Arts having resolved to erect a monument to the memory of James Watt in Adam Square, and his Grace the Duke of Buccleuch having most liberally presented to the Directors a splendid block of stone (weighing upwards of ten tons) for the purpose, the stone was brought from Granton Quarry on Saturday last (drawn by nine horses), and is now deposited in Adam Square, awaiting the chisel of Mr. Peter Slater, the eminent sculptor, who has been selected to execute the work.

—— Literary Pensions.—Her Majesty has been pleased to assign a literary pension of £100 a year to Sir Francis Head, the popular author of "Bubbles from the Brunnen," and other popular works. The *Edinburgh Courant* states that the name of the widow of Mr. M. Moir, of Musselburgh—well known in the world of letters as the "Delta" of *Blackwood's Magazine*—has been submitted to the Queen by the Earl of Aberdeen for a pension of £100 a year—and that her Majesty has been pleased to approve of the Premier's recommendation.

—— Stupendous Engineering; the Railroad through the Alps.—The Council of the Canton of Ticino voted, on the 15th, by a majority of 90 to 11, the concession of the projected railroad through the Alps from Lake Maggiore to Lake Constance, to unite the Piedmontese line with that of Central Germany. The concession is granted to Mr. John Gurney, Mr. John Breet, and M. Curti, acting on behalf of Messrs. Masterman, Sadlier, Laing, and Co., of London. This railroad will have a tunnel 25,000 metres, or 16 miles English; it will be lighted and ventilated by 50 shafts of enormous depth.

—— The Edinburgh *News* describes a magnificent carpet just completed by Templeton & Co, Miland, Glasgow, to order for the White House. This carpet is of the patented Axminster fabric, and is the largest ever made by Messrs. Templeton, being eighty feet in length by forty wide. The portion woven in the loom without seam is seventy-two feet by thirty-one, and the remainder consists of a handsome border, sewed on. The "filling-in" is a ruby and crimson damask, with three tasteful medallions in the centre, and rich corner pieces to correspond; the medallions are filled with bouquets of flowers, designed and executed with exquisite taste. The entire piece weighs upwards of a ton, and its value is between £450 to £500 sterling—$2,400.

——Apprehension of an English Lady for Distributing Tracts in Tuscany.—The *Morning Post* [London] publishes the following letter from a correspondent, who signs "An Englishman," and who dates his letter from Bagni di Lucca, on the 13th instant: "A circumstance occurred here yesterday, of which I hasten to apprize you, as it will most probably be attended with results both disagreeable to the English residents in Tuscany, and embarrassing to the relations of the English government with this country. An English lady, Miss Cunninghame some few days back, committed the great imprudence of distributing Protestant tracts in the neighbouring village of Lugliano. Some of the inhabitants warned her of the impropriety of her proceeding, and protected her from the exasperated feelings of others of the peasants, who were preparing to pelt her with stones and seriously injure her. She regained the baths in safety, but on the following day had the egregious folly to repeat the experiment at another village, called Benabbio. The priest, on discovering what had occurred, descended into the baths, and informed the delegate of police of the behaviour of Miss Cunninghame. Thereupon she was arrested, and, escorted by an officer of gendarmerie, conveyed to the prison at Lucca—one friend being allowed to accompany her, but with the express injunction of speaking only in Italian, on pain of being immediately separated, and Miss Cunninghame kept in solitary confinement. Some of the English residents addressed themselves to the chamberlain of the grand duke (who is at present at the baths), and promised the immediate departure of Miss Cunninghame from his states if he would release her from confinement, and overlook the offence. A speedy answer was returned, to the effect that the grand duke declined to interfere, and must allow the law to take its course. The affair remains at present in this state. The lady is in prison at Lucca, under the charge of endeavouring to convert, or, as it is viewed by the Italians, to seduce the people from their faith; and, by the new civil code, lately promulgated, the punishment for such an offence is fixed at five or ten years' imprisonment, with hard labour. By this time the services of the British legation in Florence will have of course, been required by the lady's family in the attempt to relieve her